

March 

# BLUE BOLT

10¢

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Featuring:—

DICK COLE

★ BLUE BOLT  
Sub-Zero MAN

★ Super-HORSE  
Phantom SUB

★ Sergeant SPOOK  
Runaway RONSON

And Others!

DICK COLE'S body crashes into the inky blackness  
of the well after the killer!

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Geo. Van Dell





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# BLUE BOLT



by  
JOE SIMON &  
Jack KIRBY

**"ROCKY" ROBERTS**--GANG-LEADER...STOWS AWAY ON A ROCKET RIDE TO THE GREEN EMPIRE, UNDER THE EARTH'S CRUST! THINGS BEGIN TO POP IN THAT STRANGE LAND WHEN ROCKY MUSCLES IN ON THE GREEN SORCERESS AND TAKES BLUE BOLT FOR A RIDE.....

BARELY ESCAPING WITH HER LIFE FROM ROBERTS AND HIS GANGSTERS...WHOM SHE LEFT BATTLING BLUE BOLT IN THE SURFACE WORLD--THE SORCERESS EMERGES ONCE MORE IN HER GREEN KINGDOM BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE!



SOMEHOW BLUE BOLT AND BERTOFF HAVE MANAGED TO REVERSE THINGS DURING MY ABSENCE!



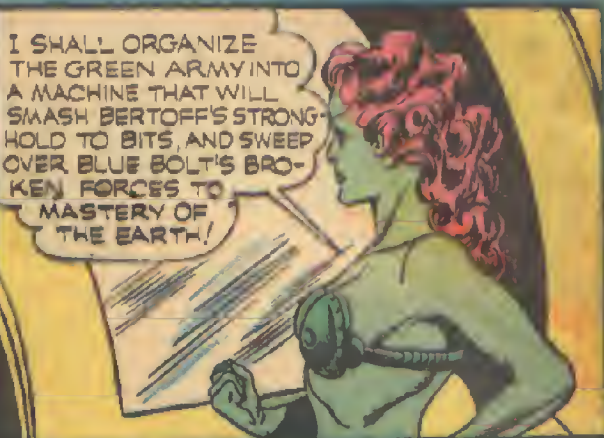
BLUE BOLT Vol. 1, No. 10, March 1941, published by Novelty Press, Inc., P.O. Box 1108, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 242 M. St., New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A. Price 10 cents. Copyright 1940 by Funnies Incorporated, New York, N.Y., in U.S.A. and Canada, including the right to be used as Second-Class Matter, March 10, 1910, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is shown in this magazine.



THE NEXT TIME THOSE TWO GENTLEMEN  
WILL FEEL THE FURY OF MY WRATH...  
BLUE BOLT AND BERTOFF SHALL DIE!  
MY ROAD TO CON-  
QUEST WILL THEN  
BE UNOPPOSED!



I SHALL ORGANIZE  
THE GREEN ARMY INTO  
A MACHINE THAT WILL  
SMASH BERTOFF'S STRONG-  
HOLD TO BITS, AND SWEEP  
OVER BLUE BOLT'S BRO-  
KEN FORCES TO  
MASTERY OF  
THE EARTH!



ROCKY  
ROBERTS!

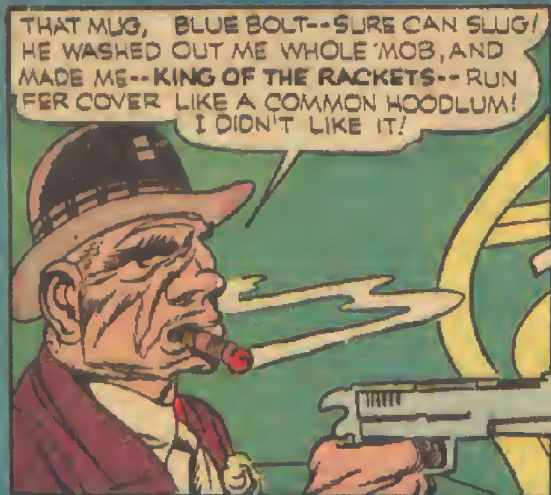
WHAT YOU  
NEED, BABE...IS AN  
ORGANIZER THAT  
KNOWS HIS STUFF...  
LIKE ME, SEE?



I GOT NO SCRUPLES ABOUT  
BUMPIN' OFF DAMES...SO DON'T  
TRY ANY TRICKS!  
SURPRISED, EH? WELL,  
I JUST MANAGED TO  
REACH THIS FLYIN'  
FIRECRACKER BEFORE  
YA DUCKED THAT  
BLUE BOLT GUY!



THAT MUG, BLUE BOLT--SURE CAN SLUG!  
HE WASHED OUT ME WHOLE 'MOB, AND  
MADE ME--KING OF THE RACKETS-- RUN  
FER COVER LIKE A COMMON HOODLUM!  
I DIDN'T LIKE IT!



WHAT D'YA SAY WE  
SETTLE OUR SCORE  
WITH BLUE BOLT  
TOGETHER, BABY?  
HE'D BE A PUSHOVER  
FER A BRAINY COM-  
BINATION LIKE US!



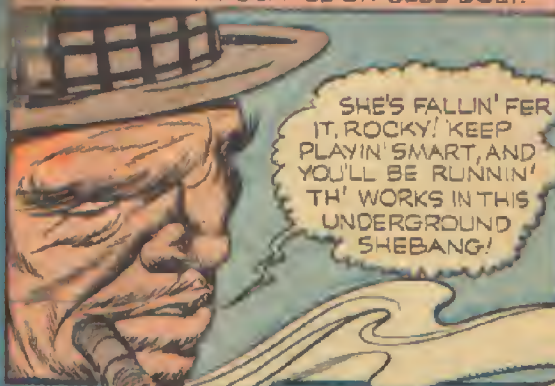
WHAT MAKES A PUNY  
SURFACE SWINE LIKE  
YOU THINK HE CAN  
EVEN HOPE TO HARM  
BLUE BOLT?

A COUPLE O'  
TRICKS I GOT  
STORED UP HERE,  
BEAUTIFUL!





EVEN AS ROCKY ROBERTS PRESSES HIS BARGAIN WITH THE SORCERESS--HIS REAL INTENTIONS ENCOMPASS MORE THAN A DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE ON BLUE BOLT!



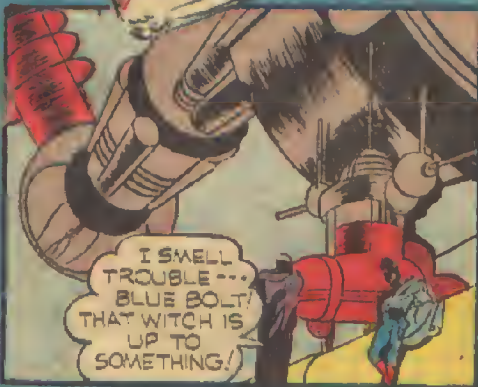
SHE'S FALLIN' FER IT, ROCKY! KEEP PLAYIN' SMART, AND YOU'LL BE RUNNIN' TH' WORKS IN THIS UNDERGROUND SHEBANG!

DAYS LATER, IN HIS LABORATORY STRONGHOLD... DOCTOR BERTOFF AND BLUE BOLT INTERVIEW AN AGENT OF THEIR INTELLIGENCE STAFF...



-- THE GREEN SORCERESS HAS RETURNED TO HER KINGDOM ACCOMPANIED BY A SURFACE MAN.

--AND THERE'S A SURFACE MAN INVOLVED-- BERTOFF, I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!



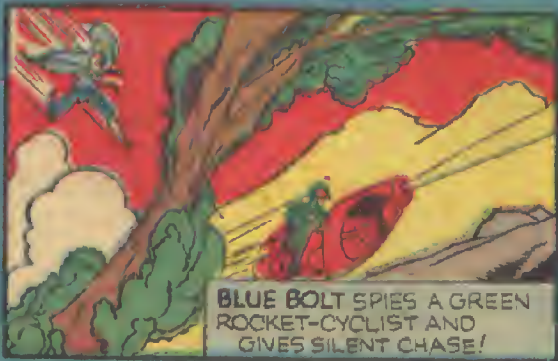
I SMELL TROUBLE--- BLUE BOLT! THAT WITCH IS UP TO SOMETHING!



IN FACT... I'LL LOOK INTO IT RIGHT NOW!

BE CAREFUL, BLUE BOLT!

*The* IMMENSE DRIVING POWER OF HIS IRON-MUSCLED BODY HURLS BLUE BOLT HIGH INTO THE UPPER STRATA OF THE GREAT HOLLOW THAT IS THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST.



BLUE BOLT SPIES A GREEN ROCKET-CYCLIST AND GIVES SILENT CHASE!





BLUE BOLT ATTACKS AND DISARMS THE GREEN CYCLIST.



BLUE BOLT WOULD BE SHOCKED IF HE KNEW HOW QUEER THE SITUATION HAS ACTUALLY BECOME---



---WHILE IN A DUNGEON IN THE PALACE, THE ONCE PROUD GREEN SORCERESS LIES SHACKLED IN IRONS!

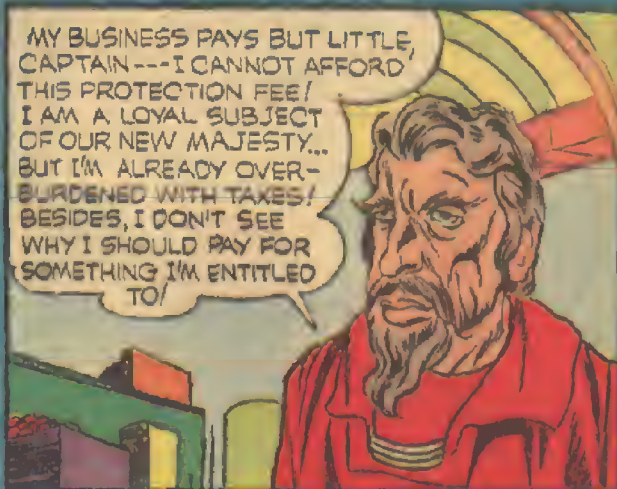




KING ROCKY INTRODUCES NEW AND STARTLING METHODS OF REPLENISHING THE COFFERS OF THE GREEN TREASURY--- METHODS THAT ARE FAMILIAR TO THE OUTRAGED CITIZENS OF THE SURFACE WORLD!



MY BUSINESS PAYS BUT LITTLE, CAPTAIN---I CANNOT AFFORD THIS PROTECTION FEE! I AM A LOYAL SUBJECT OF OUR NEW MAJESTY... BUT I'M ALREADY OVERBURDENED WITH TAXES! BESIDES, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD PAY FOR SOMETHING I'M ENTITLED TO!



CRIME RUNS RAMPANT IN THE GREEN KINGDOM AS THE BRUTAL AGENTS OF KING ROCKY CONTINUE THEIR ACTS OF TERRORISM-----



KIDNAP RANSOMS BECOME A LEGAL SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR ROBERTS! GANGSTER GOVERNMENT!



MURDERS ARE A DAILY OCCURRENCE..... INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE ROYAL RAY GUNS MOUNT, AND KING ROCKY'S FORTUNE INCREASES RAPIDLY.



RHOSKUL--CHIEF OF ROCKY'S TORPEDES, TAKES ENTHUSIASTIC CHARGE OF HIS GRUESOME DUTIES!





BLUE BOLT, DISGUISED AS A DISPATCH RIDER, ENTERS THE GREEN KINGDOM UNCHALLENGED, MAKES HIS WAY UNNOTICED TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE---



AT THAT MOMENT KING ROCKY IS SIGNING THE GREEN SORCERESS' DEATH WARRANT....





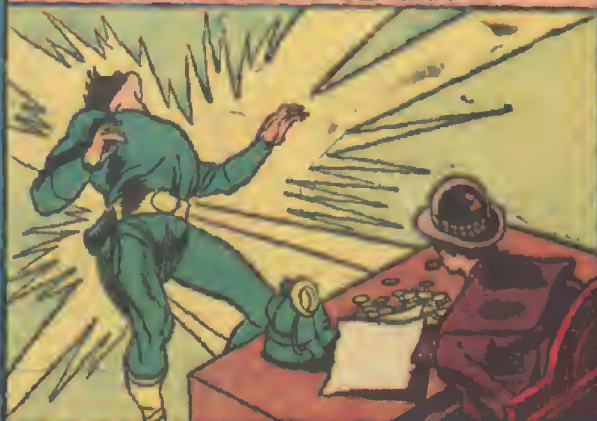
THAT FALSE BRAVADO WON'T HELP YOU, ROCKY! I CAN HANDLE YOUR WHOLE ARMY IF NECESSARY! YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE "G" MEN...THERE'S NO ROOM DOWN HERE FOR YOUR KIND!



GOT IT, DID YA? WELL..YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!



ROCKY'S FINGERS DISAPPEAR BEHIND HIS HUGE DESK--SUDDENLY TWIN-RAYS OF LIGHT LEAP AT BLUE BOLT, CATCHING HIM SQUARELY IN THEIR DEADLY GLARE....



SEND CAPTAIN FENG AND TWO MEN OF MY PERSONAL GUARD... I GOTTA LITTLE JOB FER 'EM!



REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, MEN! KING ROCKY SAYS TO WAKE HIM GENTLY JUST BEFORE WE GIVE HIM THE WORKS!



BLUE BOLT BECOMES THE FIRST IN THIS STRANGE UNDERGROUND WORLD TO BE TAKEN FOR A RIDE.....

LEAVING THE GREEN KINGDOM BEHIND THEM... ROCKY'S ASSASSINS STREAK PAST THE GREEN OUTSKIRTS WITH THEIR VICTIM!



BUT THE FRIGHTFUL FORCE OF ROCKY'S RAYS HAVE HAD LITTLE EFFECT ON BLUE BOLT'S SUPER-HUMAN BODY--HE SLOWLY RECOVERS FROM HIS STUNNED CONDITION...





ALL RIGHT, MEN...GET READY  
FOR THE BUMP OFF...WE'RE  
COMIN' TO THE SPOT!

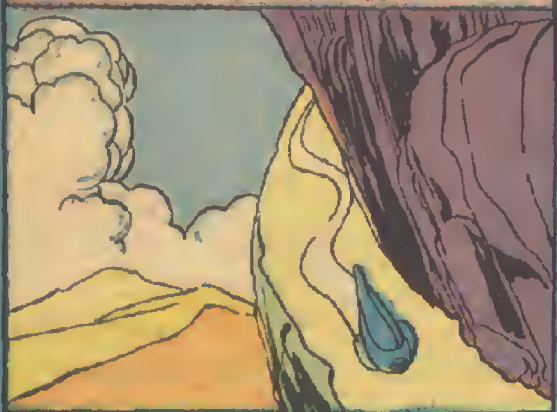


WHAT TH'--?  
BLUE BOLT!  
YOU WON'T GET  
AWAY!

MISSED! SORRY  
I CAN'T LET YOU  
TRY AGAIN!



THE DRIVER, KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY  
BLUE BOLT'S BLOW...SLUMPS IN HIS SEAT  
AS THE ROCKETOBILE LURCHES CRAZILY  
OUT OF CONTROL!



STRAINING EVERY  
MUSCLE, BLUE BOLT  
STREAKS SKYWARD!



SORRY, BOYS! I'VE  
NO TIME FOR  
HAZING!

CRACK!



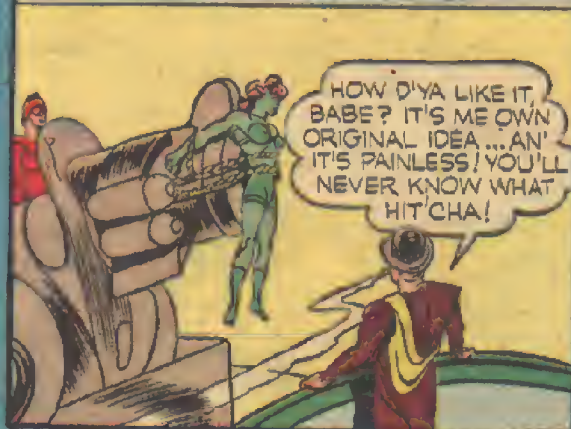
TOO LATE TO REGAIN  
THE CAR'S CONTROL,  
BLUE BOLT LEAPS  
THROUGH A WINDOW  
AS THE ROCKETOBILE  
HURTLES OVER THE  
EMBANKMENT!



BLUE BOLT HEADS ONCE MORE FOR THE  
GREEN KINGDOM--



IN THE GREEN KINGDOM, ROCKY PREPARES TO ELIMINATE HIS LAST THREAT TO THE SECURITY OF HIS THRONE...



BUT THE GUNNER NEVER EXECUTES THE GANGSTER'S ORDER...POWERFUL HANDS CLOSE AROUND HIS THROAT!



THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF BLUE BOLT'S BODY SENDS KING ROCKY REELING BACKWARD...



ROCKY ROBERTS STRUGGLES LIKE A MADMAN IN BLUE BOLT'S MIGHTY GRIP...



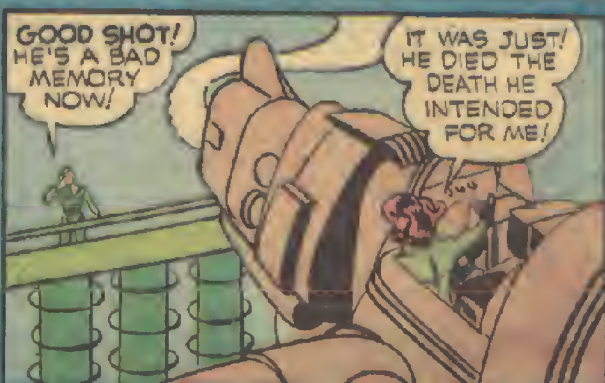
...AND SUCCEEDS IN TEARING HIMSELF FREE FROM BLUE BOLT'S GRASP!



GUARDS! GUARDS!  
IT'S BLUE BOLT!!  
HELP!



BLUE BOLT  
HALTS IN HIS  
TRACKS AS  
ROCKY  
DISAPPEARS  
IN A SUDDEN  
BURST OF LIGHT.



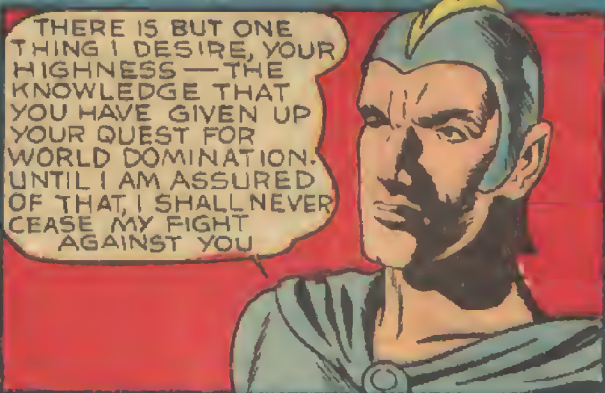
GOOD SHOT!  
HE'S A BAD  
MEMORY  
NOW!

IT WAS JUST!  
HE DIED THE  
DEATH HE  
INTENDED  
FOR ME!

REGAINING HER THRONE...THE GREEN  
SORCERESS INTERVIEWS BLUE BOLT...



YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND  
THRONE, BLUE BOLT/IN  
RETURN I GIVE YOU YOURS!  
AND ANY  
WISH YOU  
DESIRE!

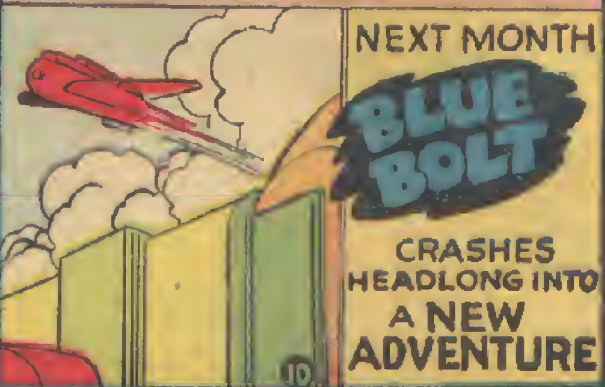


THERE IS BUT ONE  
THING I DESIRE, YOUR  
HIGHNESS — THE  
KNOWLEDGE THAT  
YOU HAVE GIVEN UP  
YOUR QUEST FOR  
WORLD DOMINATION.  
UNTIL I AM ASSURED  
OF THAT, I SHALL NEVER  
CEASE MY FIGHT  
AGAINST YOU

BLUE BOLT HEADS BACK TO BERTOFF'S  
STRONGHOLD...



YOUR REQUEST IS  
GREAT- BUT IT IS  
GRANTED YOU  
MAY DEPART  
UNMOLESTED  
WITH THAT  
ASSURANCE



NEXT MONTH

**BLUE  
BOLT**

CRASHES  
HEADLONG INTO  
A NEW  
ADVENTURE



# DICK COLE

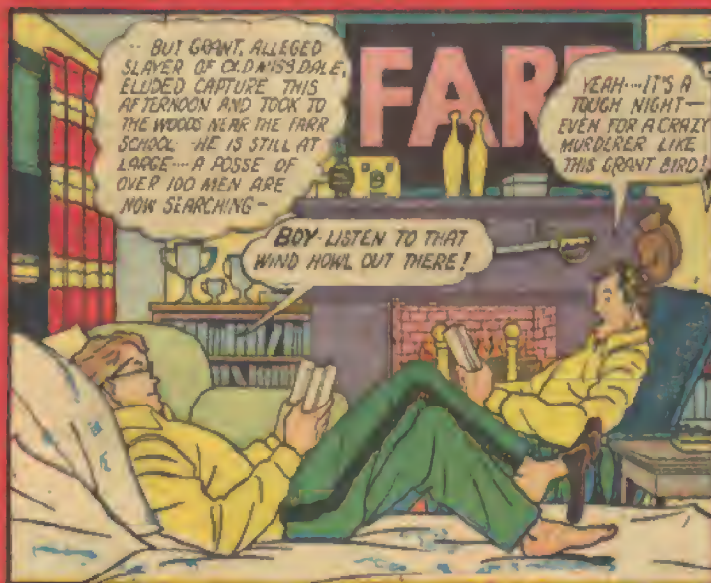
WONDER

BOY!



By Bob Davis

**A** BLUSTERING, WINTRY NIGHT...  
DICK, AND HIS ROOMMATE AT FARR  
MILITARY ACADEMY, ED MARCH, ARE  
IN THEIR DORMITORY ROOM, STUDYING  
AND LISTENING TO RADIO REPORTS OF  
A MANHUNT NOW IN PROGRESS NEAR  
THE SCHOOL GROUNDS....



... BUT GRANT, ALLEGED  
SLAYER OF OLD MISS DALE,  
ELUDED CAPTURE THIS  
AFTERNOON AND TOOK TO  
THE WOODS NEAR THE FARR  
SCHOOL. HE IS STILL AT  
LARGE... A POSSE OF  
OVER 100 MEN ARE  
NOW SEARCHING -

**FARR**

YEAH... IT'S A  
TOUGH NIGHT -  
EVEN FOR A CRAZY  
MURDERER LIKE  
THIS GRANT BIRD!

BOY - LISTEN TO THAT  
WIND HOWL OUT THERE!

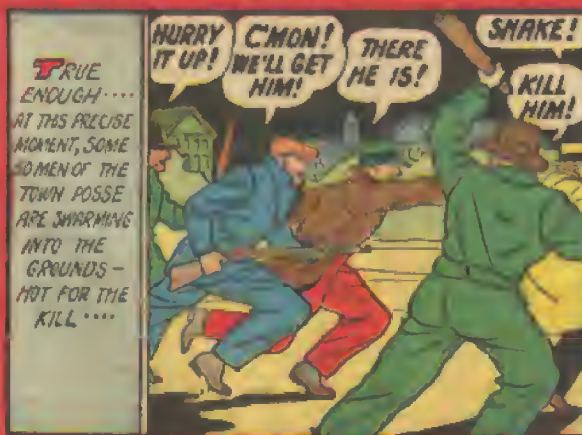


CRACK!  
CRACK!

WOW!  
HEAR THAT?  
SHOTS!

THAT POSSE  
MUST BE RIGHT  
INSIDE THE  
CAMPUS!  
GEE-E-!

THEY'RE  
SHOUTING  
NOW -



**T**RUE  
ENOUGH...  
AT THIS PRECISE  
MOMENT, SOME  
50 MEN OF THE  
TOWN POSSE  
ARE SWARMING  
INTO THE  
GROUNDS -  
HOT FOR THE  
KILL....

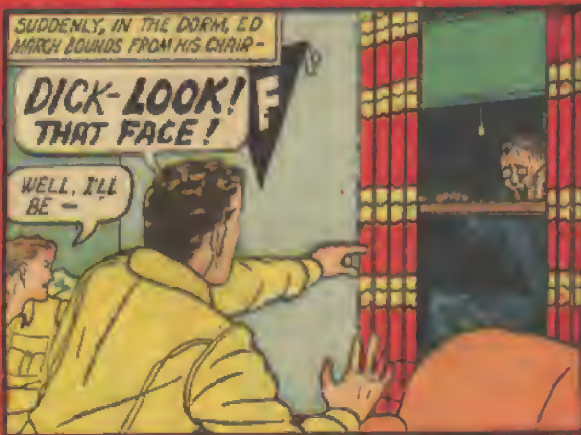
HURRY  
IT UP!

CMON!  
WE'LL GET  
HIM!

THERE  
HE IS!

SHAKE!

KILL  
HIM!



SUDDENLY, IN THE DORM, ED  
MARCH BOUNDS FROM HIS CHAIR -

**DICK - LOOK!  
THAT FACE!**

WELL, I'LL  
BE -





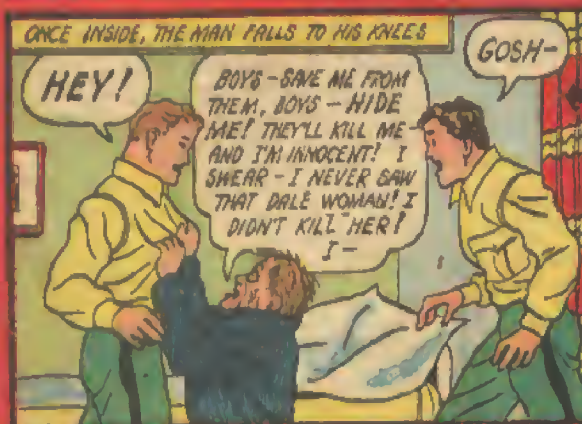
IT'S GRANT-!  
THE MURDERER?

NO-NO-O-I  
I'M INNOCENT  
LISTEN

**GREAT  
SCOTT!**

LISTEN TO  
THE MOB  
OUT  
THERE!

HEY-  
HEY-!



ONCE INSIDE, THE MAN FALLS TO HIS KNEES

HEY!

BOYS-SAVE ME FROM  
THEM, BOYS-HIDE  
ME! THEY'LL KILL ME  
AND I'M INNOCENT! I  
SWEAR-I NEVER SAW  
THAT DALE WOMAN! I  
DIDN'T KILL HER!  
I--

GOSH-



ED POKES  
HIS HEAD  
OUT OF THE  
WINDOW-

JEEPERS!  
WHAT A  
BLOODTHIRSTY  
GANG!

HE'S UP  
THERE?

-SCALED  
THE WALL!

WE'LL  
GET  
HIM!

I SAW HIM!

THROW HIM  
OUT HERE!

MURDERER!

LYNCH  
HIM!

KILL THE  
RAT!



ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE POSSE CRIES OUT ORDERS----

SURROUND THE  
BUILDING! LOOK SHARP,  
AND DON'T HESITATE TO  
SHOOT!!

SOME OF YOU FOLLOW  
ME INSIDE--!



AS THE  
POSSE  
ATTEMPTS  
TO ENTER,  
THEY ARE  
MET ON THE  
THRESHOLD  
BY MAJOR  
FARR----

JUST A MINUTE,  
GENTLEMEN! WHAT'S  
ALL THIS HULLABALOO?

WE'RE MEMBERS OF  
THE TOWN POSSE AFTER  
GRANT! HE'S HIDING IN  
THIS BUILDING, AND WE  
MUST MAKE A SEARCH!

VERY  
WELL.



WHILE IN THE BOY'S ROOM----

GEE-HI SOUNDS  
HONEST-

I KNOW WHO  
DID IT! I KNOW!  
IT WAS JEB HARKER-  
HE LOOKS LIKE ME-  
THEY MADE A MISTAKE!  
I DON'T DO  
IT! I SWEAR!  
HIDE ME, BOY-  
SAVE ME FROM  
THOSE MAD  
DOGS!



MISTER, I'M SORRY-  
BUT WE CAN'T HIDE YOU-  
THEY'RE IN THE BUILDING  
NOW----! IF YOU'RE  
INNOCENT-- THE  
TRIAL WILL--

NO-NO-!  
THEY'LL LYNCH ME  
FIRST! THEY'RE  
MAD WITH ANGER  
AND RAGE! THEY'LL  
KILL ME--THEY'LL  
LYNCH ME! YOU MUST--



SUDDENLY--

OPEN  
UP!

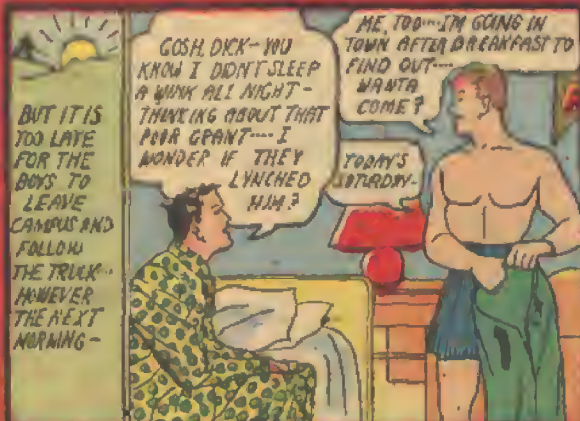
GOSH--HERE  
THEY ARE!

OH-H-









BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR THE BOYS TO LEAVE CAMPUS AND FOLLOW THE TRUCK... HOWEVER THE NEXT MORNING -

GOSH, DICK - I KNOW I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK ALL NIGHT - THINKING ABOUT THAT POOR GRANT - I WONDER IF THEY LYNCHED HIM?

ME, TOO... I'M GOING IN TOWN AFTER BREAKFAST TO FIND OUT... WANTA COME?

TODAY'S SATURDAY.



WITHIN AN HOUR THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY...

WHAT MAKES THEM SO SURE GRANT DID IT ANYWAY?

THEY'RE NOT, I GUESS... IT'S JUST SUSPICION SO FAR, BUT THE MURDER BEING A BRUTAL ONE, THEY'RE RILED... C'MON - LET'S HURRY!



AS THE BOYS WALK INTO TOWN, THEY CATCH AN ELECTRIC TENSION IN THE AIR - SILENT MUTTERING GROUPS ARE ON EVERY CORNER -

WELL - THEY'RE STILL AT IT!

SHOULD LYNN JARVIS BE HANGED THIS MORNING?

RIGHT! GET SOME ACTION!



BOY - THIS TOWN IS LIKE A POWDER KEG - LET'S EASE OVER TO THE JAIL AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!

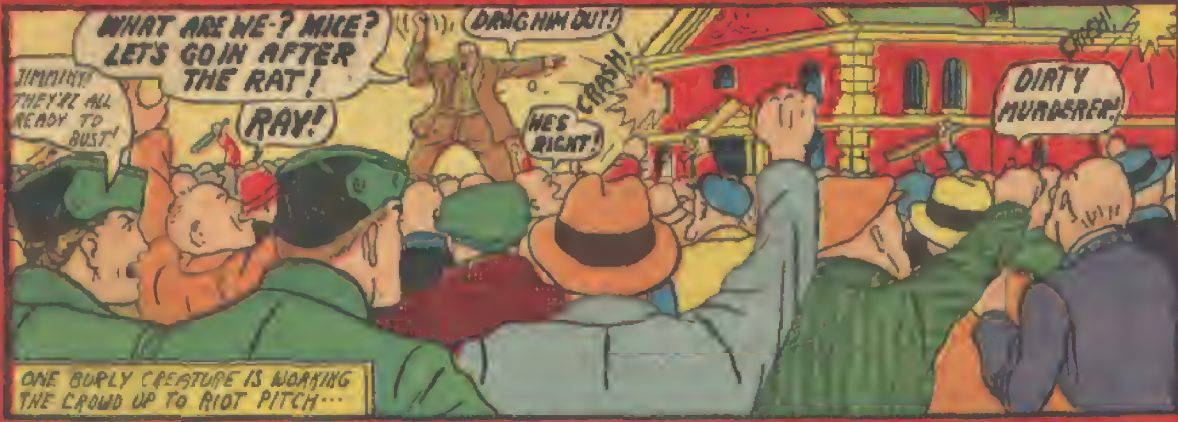
WE'RE CRAZY TO STAY FOR IT! WHY DO WE? LET'S STORM THE JAIL! YEAH!



ABRUPTLY, AS THEY APPROACH THE JAIL -

HEY - WHAT?!

LOOK! NOW! WHAT A MOB -!



WHAT ARE WE? MIKE? LET'S GO IN AFTER THE RAT!

RAY!

DRAUGHN OUT!

HE'S RIGHT!

DIRTY MURDERER!

ONE BURLY CREATURE IS WORKING THE CROWD UP TO RIOT PITCH...



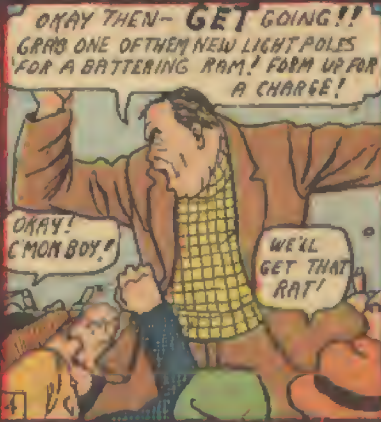
SENDING SUCCESS THE RINGLEADER OF THE MOB HEIGHTENS HIS FIRE!

YOU KNOW COURTS! YOU KNOW WHAT JONES THEY ARE! WE GONNA SEE THIS GUY BRIBED FREE? OR ARE WE GONNA TAKE THE LAW IN OUR OWN HANDS?

YES!

RIGHT!

LET'S GET GOING!



OKAY THEN - GET GOING!! GRAB ONE OF THEM NEW LIGHT POLES FOR A BATTERING RAM! FORM UP FOR A CHARGE!

OKAY! C'MON BOY!

WE'LL GET THAT RAT!



WHILE ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS, THE SMALL TOWN POLICE FORCE STAND WELL.

THEY'RE GONNA STAND BACK! YOU FOOLS!



SLOWLY DICK OPENS THE DOOR

WELL—MR HARKER—

N-N-YA-A-A—!



—IS THAT THE KNIFE  
THAT SLIT THE DALE  
WOMAN'S THROAT?

YEE-OH!



AND WHAT ARE THESE  
DARK STAINS ON  
YOUR CLOTHES?



HOW YOU KILLED THAT  
WOMAN, DIDN'T YOU, MR.  
HARKER? AND YOU HAVEN'T  
BEEN AWAY, HAVE YOU?  
YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE!  
RIGHT?

CMON! SPEAK  
UP!

GLUB-AWK—  
Y-YES—! —I—



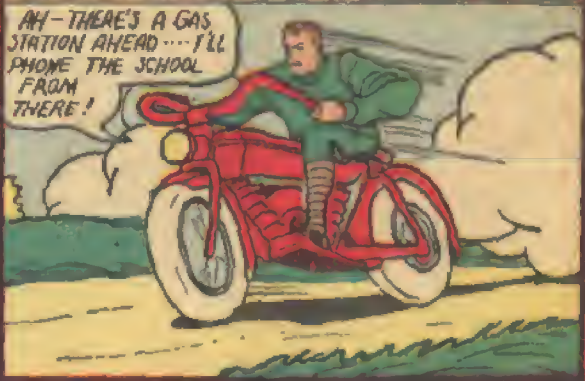
I DID IT—YES. I  
DID—BUT I DIDN'T  
MEAN TO—  
I—

ALL RIGHT NEVER  
MIND THE ACT,  
MR. — I'M  
LEAVING  
YOU  
HERE  
FOR  
NOW—  
ALONE.



A FEW SECONDS LATER DICK IS RACING BACK TO TOWN.

AH—THERE'S A GAS  
STATION AHEAD....I'LL  
PHONE THE SCHOOL  
FROM  
THERE!



MEANWHILE—BACK BY THE COURT-  
HOUSE— THE FAT MAN IS INCITING  
THE MOB TO DISREGARD DICK'S PROMISE

WAIT—WAIT—! THAT'S ALL WE  
BEEN DOING! **WAITING!**  
I SAY LET'S  
**ACT!**

AND  
NOW!



DICK MAKES HIS PHONE CALL, THEN  
MOUNTS HIS BIKE AGAIN...

NOW TO ZING  
BACK THERE!



BACK IN TOWN, DICK IS APPALLED  
BY THE SIGHT THAT GREET'S HIM...

**HOLY CATS!**  
I'M TOO LATE!





OUT OF CONTROL AGAIN, THE BATTERING-  
RAM SQUAD IS GOING INTO ACTION!

THAT'S THE STUFF! C'MON, MEN, WE'VE  
GIVE IT TO 'EM, BOYS! DISARRANGED  
THE COPS!  
RAY-Y-Y!



THE DOOR DOWN, THE MOB POURS  
INTO THE BUILDING.

NOW WE'LL GET  
THAT MURDERER!

YEE-OW!



REACHING GRANT'S CELL, THEY  
BURST IN TO GRAB HIM ....

THERE HE IS!

HELP!

GRAB HIM!



SCREAMING IN ANGUISH THE POOR  
VICTIM IS CARRIED OUT ....

GET A ROPE!

HELP!

I'M  
INNOCENT!

NOW WE'LL  
STRING THE  
BEGGAR UP!



DICK RACES ALONG BESIDE THE BERSERK MOB, LOOKING  
FOR A CHANCE TO STEM THEIR FRENZY ....

WOW-O! GOT HIM! THE CRAZY DEVILS—YEE!



REACHING  
THEIR  
OBJECTIVE,  
THE MOB  
PLACE GRANT  
UPON TWO  
HIGH BOXES,  
FIX A MOOSE  
AROUND HIS  
NECK ....  
GRANT,  
SUDDENLY  
QUIET, TAKES  
HIS FATE  
WITH DUMB  
SIGNIFICATION.

NOW YOU'RE GONNA SAY FOR  
MURDERING THE OLD  
GIRL THIS TOWN EVER  
SAW!

AND MY PUL-ENTY!



DICK, CATCHING A  
WILD IDEA, ASKING  
TO SCALE A  
NEARBY BUILDING  
TO THE ROOF ....

GOSH—



MOOSING HIS ROPE, COWBOY FASHION, HE  
THROWS IT OUT —



TO HOOK ONTO THE LIGHT POLE USED  
BY THE MOB AS A GALLON'S ....







AS THE BOXES ARE TAKEN FROM BENEATH GRANT'S FEET, AND HE IS JERKED INTO THE AIR, DICK DIVES INTO SPACE....

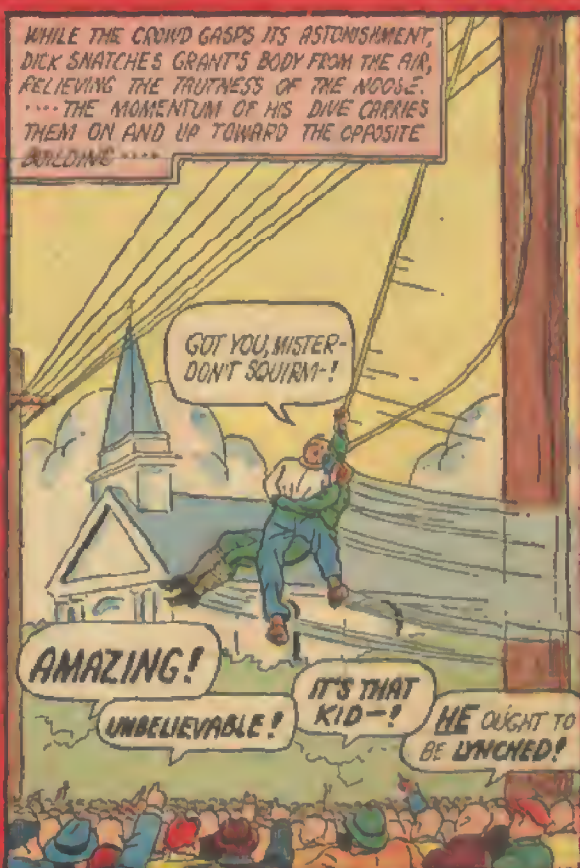
WOW-!

AH-H-H-!

THERE HE GOES-!

HEY! LOOK-!

HEY! GREAT HEAVENS!



WHILE THE CROWD GASPS ITS ASTONISHMENT, DICK SNATCHES GRANT'S BODY FROM THE AIR, RELIEVING THE TRUTHNESS OF THE NOOSE. ....THE MOMENTUM OF HIS DIVE CARRIES THEM ON AND UP TOWARD THE OPPOSITE BUILDING....

GOT YOU, MISTER-DON'T SQUIRM-!

AMAZING!

UNBELIEVABLE!

IT'S THAT KID-!

HE OUGHT TO BE LYNCHED!



THE ROPES ARE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW THEM TO MAKE THE ROOF....

THIS IS A MIRACLE!



DICK HIDES GRANT, RUSHES DOWN TO THE STREET AGAIN TO CONFRONT THE CROWD.

THERE HE IS!

GRAB HIM!

WHERE'S GRANT?

NOW WAIT! SLOW UP! THE REAL MURDERER OF MISS DALE HAS CONFESSED!



HE'S BEEN CAPTURED, HE'S CONFESSED, AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO TOWN RIGHT NOW - IN FACT-LOOK HERE HE COMES NOW - JEB HARKER!

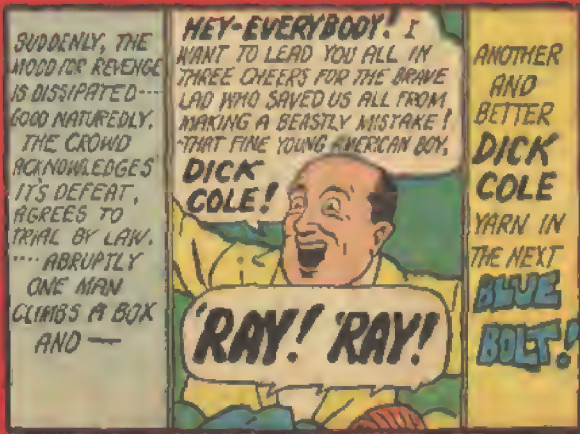
WHERE? WE'LL LYNCH HIM!

HOLY CATS!



THE CROWD WHEELS TO SEE A LONG COLUMN OF ARMED FARR CADETS ESCORTING THE PRISONER TO JAIL...A RESULT OF DICK'S TELEPHONE CALL....

LOOK! WE'RE LICKED THE FARR CADETS! AND HARKER! NOW-THERE'S NO TAKING HIM FROM THOSE BOYS!



SUDDENLY, THE MOOD FOR REVENGE IS DISSIPATED....GOOD NATUREDLY, THE CROWD ACKNOWLEDGES ITS DEFEAT, AGREES TO TRIAL BY LAW. ....ABRUPTLY ONE MAN CLIMBS A BOX AND -

HEY-EVERYBODY! I WANT TO LEAD YOU ALL IN THREE CHEERS FOR THE BRAVE LAD WHO SAVED US ALL FROM MAKING A BEASTLY MISTAKE! THAT FINE YOUNG AMERICAN BOY, DICK COLE!

'RAY! RAY!'

ANOTHER AND BETTER DICK COLE YARN IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!



# SUB-ZERO

IT'S A  
HOLD-  
UP!

FOURTH  
CITY  
BANK

WHAT'S  
YOUR HURRY,  
BOYS?

CITY  
BANK  
DEPT. 1111  
BOSTON

**SUB-ZERO**...LONE SURVIVOR OF AN EXPEDITION  
THROUGH FROZEN SPACE FROM THE PLANET  
VENUS...HAS MASTERED COLD AND SUB-ZERO  
TEMPERATURES...USING THESE POWERS IN HIS  
UNCEASING WAR ON EVIL!

**THE TALL BANDIT** BLASTS SUB-ZERO WITH A POWERFUL HEAT-RAY!

THIS'LL WARM YOUR  
COLD HEART...YOU...  
ICE PEDDLER!

WHAT'S THIS?  
A HEAT RA---  
UHHHHH-HH!

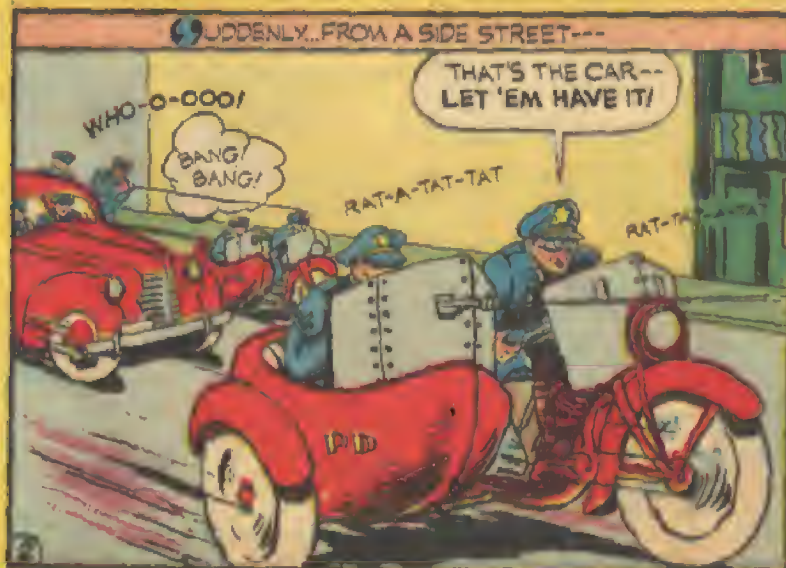
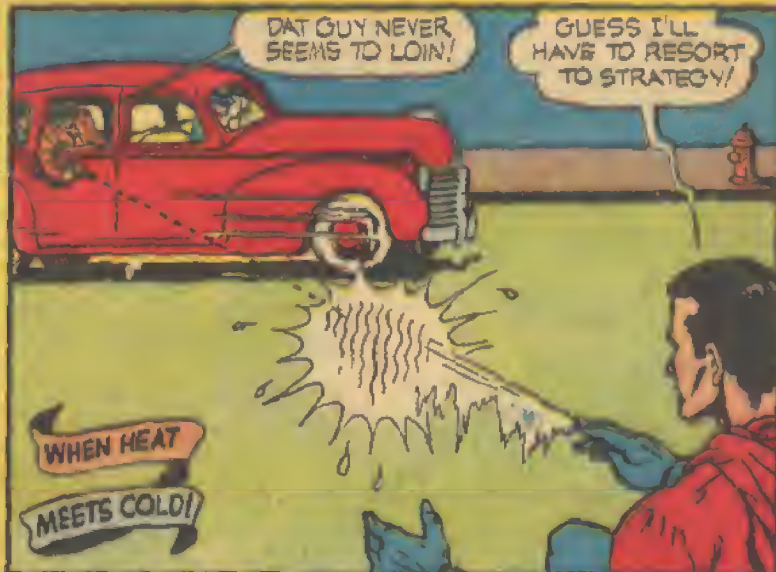
**THE BANDIT** REVIVES HIS COMPANION WITH THE  
RAY!

SNAP OUT  
OF IT!

BR-R-R!

GET GOING... WE'VE  
WASTED ENOUGH TIME  
AS IT IS!









NO POLICE FORCE  
ON EARTH CAN FIGHT  
A GANG EQUIPPED  
WITH WEAPONS  
LIKE THAT!

DON'T  
WE PLAY  
NICE?

THE RAY MECHANISM IS MADE  
OF A SUBSTANCE THAT DEFIES  
ANALYSIS... BUT THE PURPLE  
FILTER ON THE MUZZLE  
INDICATES AN ULTRA  
INFRA-RED RAY!

MEANING THAT SOME  
INVENTIVE GENIUS WITH  
A WARPED BRAIN HAS  
DECIDED TO PIT  
HIMSELF AGAINST  
THE LAW!



AT THE POLICE LABORATORY...

THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY...

HE WALKS  
LIKE A CAT!

FARGALL, MY  
ASSISTANT...

WHO'S THAT, DR.  
PETERSON!



SORRY TO DISTURB YOU,  
GENTLEMEN... BUT I LOST  
SOMETHING--AH... HERE  
IT IS!



HE PICKED UP A PIECE OF  
GREEN GLASS--NOW WHAT  
DOES THAT REMIND  
ME OF?



GREEN GOGGLES...  
TO GUARD THEIR  
EYES FROM  
THE RAYS---  
THIS MAN  
FARGALL  
WILL BEAR  
WATCHING!





THAT NIGHT TWO MEMBERS OF THE STICK-UP MOB CELEBRATE THEIR COUP WITH THEIR BOSS---FARGALL!



HERE'S TO THE  
HEAT RAY...IT  
SURE STOPPED  
SUB-ZERO!

YEAH...BUT  
IT DIDN'T  
KILL HIM!

I'M EXPERI-  
MENTING WITH  
A STRONGER  
RAY!

---IT OUGHT TO DO  
THE TRICK IN CASE HE  
CROSSES OUR PATH  
AGAIN!



A FEW MORE DRINKS, AND...

COME ON, BOYS--IT'S  
TIME FOR THAT OTHER  
JOB!



MEANWHILE--SUB-ZERO  
PAYS A "VISIT" TO  
FARGALL'S APARTMENT--



JUST A HUNCH...BUT MAYBE  
I'LL FIND SOMETHING  
INTERESTING HERE!

---VERY  
INTERESTING,  
INDEED!



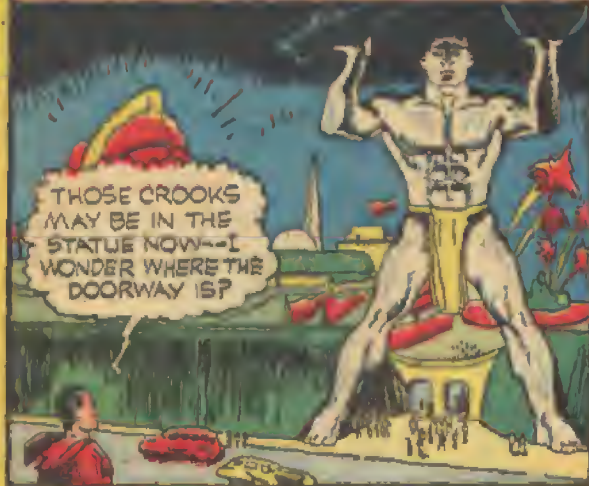
THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS STATUE  
AT THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION--WHY  
THAT'S WHERE THE EXPOSITION  
OFFICIALS STORE THEIR  
WEEK-END RECEIPTS!



I'LL BET THEY'RE GOING  
TO PULL ANOTHER HOLD-  
UP--IF I CAN ONLY GET  
THERE BEFORE IT'S  
TOO LATE!



THE EXPOSITION...CROWDS IN, HOLIDAY MOOD PASS THROUGH THE EXIT FORMED BY THE LIMBS OF THE HOLLOW STATUE...



THE LOCK'S BURNED OFF--PROBABLY BY A HEAT-RAY...



SUB-ZERO ENTERS THE GIANT FOOT...



SOME CLIMB... BUT HERE GOES!



SUB-ZERO FREEZES HIS HANDS TO STRENGTHEN HIS GRIP---



THE MONEY VAULT-- WITH A CABLE-CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF IT/ I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

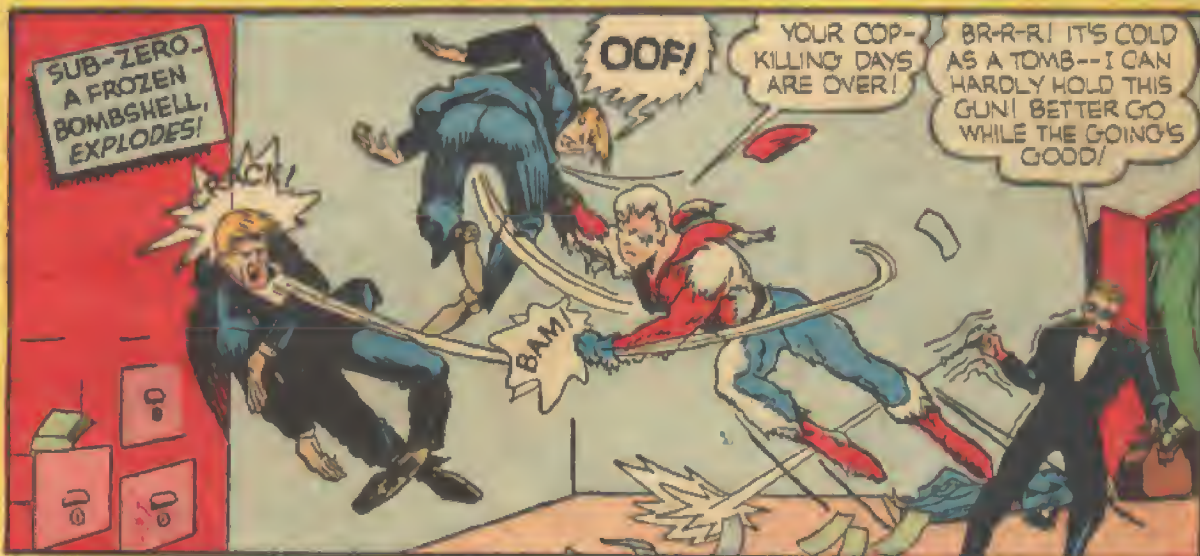






THEM GUARDS  
JUST MELTED  
AWAY!

## WHAT A HAUL!



00F/

YOUR COP-  
KILLING DAYS  
ARE OVER!

BR-R-R! IT'S COLD  
AS A TOMB--I CAN  
HARDLY HOLD THIS  
GUN! BETTER GO  
WHILE THE GOING'S  
GOOD!

1844



THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!







I PERCEIVE YOU'VE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS! THAT PHASE WILL BE TRANSITORY--IN HALF AN HOUR, SUB-ZERO, YOU WILL CEASE TO EXIST!

STEEL BANDS CAN'T HOLD ME-- FARGALL!

IN A HEAT-RESISTANT ROOM IN FARGALL'S SECRET LABORATORY...

I BEG TO DIFFER WITH YOU!

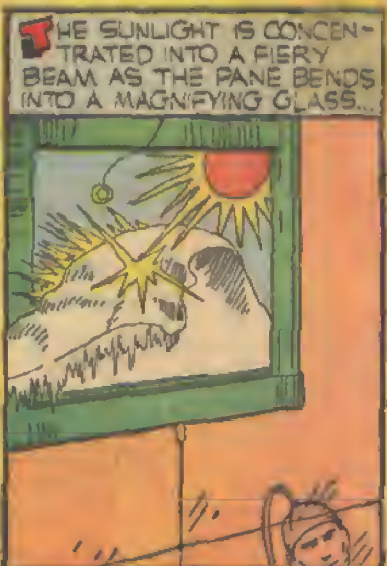
HE'S RIGHT! I STILL CAN FREEZE--BUT ONLY A FEW DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

THIS IS MY STRONGEST RAY! MINUTE BY MINUTE, IT WILL MAKE YOUR POWER WANE... THE LAST PHASE MAY BE LIKENED TO A CHICKEN ON A SPIT!

WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME OUTRIGHT, AND GET IT OVER WITH?

AND DENY MYSELF THE PLEASURE OF SEEING YOU SQUIRM?...I'M GIVING YOU ALL THE HEAT THE FILTER CAN STAND-- IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!





Another  
EXCITING  
THRILLING  
CHILLING  
**SUB-ZERO**  
ADVENTURE  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF  
**BLUE BOLT**



# Sergeant Spook



**S**ERGEANT SPOOK...  
HAVING WITNESSED THE  
SLAVERY OF THE GHOSTS  
OF NORTHERN AFRICA  
UNDER THE DESPOTIC  
RULE OF KING TUT, VOWS  
UPON HIS RETURN TO  
GHOST TOWN THAT HE  
SHALL NOT REST UNTIL  
HE HAS GAINED  
THEIR FREEDOM!

**S**PPOOK HAS AN AUDIENCE  
WITH PRESIDENT GEORGE  
WASHINGTON OF GHOST TOWN.

SO YOU SEE, SIR...I AM  
ASKING YOUR HELP TO FREE  
THE POOR  
SLAVE GHOSTS  
OF NORTHERN  
AFRICA!



THIS DESPOT, KING TUT--  
MUST BE OVERTHROWN!



**W**ASHINGTON'S CALL FOR  
A VOLUNTEER ARMY IS  
ANSWERED BY GHOSTS OF  
ALL PERIODS--EAGER TO  
HELP THEIR FELLOW MEN--



**S**OON EVERY ABLE-BODIED  
GHOST HAS VOLUNTEERED--  
AND SERGEANT SPOOK IS MADE  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF...



**G**HOST TRANSPORTS---SHIPS  
OF EVERY PERIOD... SAIL  
OUT OF GHOST TOWN HARBOR,  
AND HEAD TOWARD AFRICA!





**T**HE GHOSTS LAND ON AN UNINHABITED PART OF THE AFRICAN COAST--

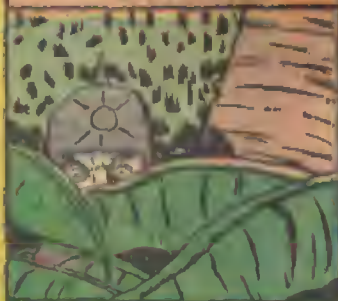


**SPOOK EXPLAINS THE REASON TO HIS FRIEND, DR. SHERLOCK--**



BY LANDING HERE, THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS-- ON OUR SIDE!

**UNKNOWN TO SERGEANT SPOOK, AN EVIL PAIR OF EYES WATCH THE DISSEMBLING OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY...**



**T**HE WATCHER PROVES TO BE A GHOST SOLDIER OF KING TUT'S ARMY WHO HAD BEEN HUNTING....

I MUST HASTEN AND WARN MY KING!



**A**FTER CRASHING THROUGH THE JUNGLE-LIKE STRIP OF LAND, THE SOLDIER REACHES THE DESERT...



**C**LEAVING ON HIS ARABIAN STALLION--HE GALLOPS TOWARD THE PALACE OF KING TUT...



**A**S HE RACES THROUGH THE PALACE YARD, HE LASHES OUT WITH HIS WHIP AT THE SLAVE GHOSTS WHO GET IN HIS PATH...

MAKE WAY, DOGS-- FOR THE KING'S MESSENGER!



**IN THE THRONE ROOM--**

O GLORIOUS RULER OF ALL GHOSTS-- I BRING NEWS OF AN APPROACHING ARMY!



EH? ARMY YOU SAY? SPEAK UP! WHO DARES ATTACK THE REALM OF KING TUT?



CALL OUT THE ARMY--I SHALL SHOW THIS DOG HOW TO FIGHT!



**T**HE MESSENGER TELLS HIS STORY...

--AND, SIRE-- THIS ARMY CAME FROM OUT OF THE WEST!



HO! THAT SERGEANT SPOOK PERSON WAS WASTED NO TIME!





KING TUT'S ARMY IS QUICKLY ORGANIZED...AND WITH THE EVIL KING LEADING THE FIRST DIVISION IN HIS ROYAL CHARIOT...THEY LEAVE THE PALACE AND HEAD OUT ACROSS THE DESERT...



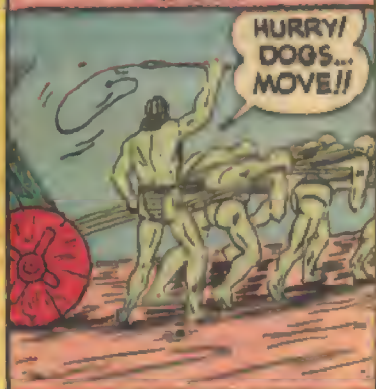
...NEXT TO PASS THROUGH THE PALACE GATES ARE THE BARBARIC DESERT WARRIORS, MOUNTED ON ARABIAN HORSES...



...THEN COMES THE POWERFUL CAMEL CORP...



AS THIS MIGHTY HORDE RACES ACROSS THE DESERT, THE SLAVES LEFT BEHIND ARE BUSY BUILDING UP THE DEFENCES OF THE PALACE...

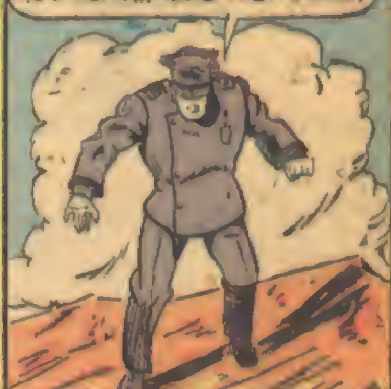


MEANWHILE THE GHOST TOWN ARMY IS MARCHING ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD KING TUT'S PALACE!



FROM THE TOP OF A GREAT SAND DUNE LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE DESERT, SERGEANT SPOOK SEES---

QUICK...MEN--TAKE YOUR POSITIONS...HERE THEY COME!



THE CHARGING ARMY OF KING TUT HEADS ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD SERGEANT SPOOK'S FORCES!



REMEMBER YOUR ORDERS, MEN--WE'LL SHOW THEM SOME OF THE OLD BUNKER HILL TACTICS!



KING TUT SUDDENLY SPIES SPOOK AND PART OF THE GHOST TOWN ARMY!

CHARGE! I'LL MAKE SLAVES OF THESE FOOLS!





AS THE FIRST DIVISION OF KING TUT'S ARMY REACH THE TOP OF THE GREAT SAND DUNE... THEY ARE GREETED WITH A VOLLEY FROM THE GHOST GUNS OF SPOOK'S ARMY!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!



WITH MOST OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF HIS ARMY PARALYZED BY THE GHOST GUNS, KING TUT, WHO MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED, CHARGES INTO THE GHOST TOWN ARMY WITH HIS CAMEL CORPS AND CAVALRY



HERE IS GREAT CONFUSION AND TERRIFIC FIGHTING AS BOTH ARMIES CLASH ON THE DESERT IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMID---



SERGEANT SPOOK FIGHTS FIERCELY AS HE SEEKS OUT KING TUT ON THIS BLOODLESS BATTLEFIELD OF GHOSTS!



KING TUT, MEANWHILE, REALIZES THAT HE IS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE! HE GATHERS HIS SCATTERED FORCES, AND FLEES ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARDS HIS PALACE!



KING TUT AND HIS ARMY REACH THE PALACE GROUNDS, AND THE MASSIVE GATES ARE SHUT ON SERGEANT SPOOK'S ADVANCING ARMY!

SERGEANT SPOOK HALTS HIS MEN BEFORE THE PALACE WALL...

BRING UP THE GHOST CANNONS!



AS THE GHOST TOWN CANNONS ARE BEING PLACED... HUGE CATAPULTS ON THE WALLS OF THE PALACE RAIN DOWN GREAT GHOST STONES ON SERGEANT SPOOK'S ARMY!





WITH THE CANNONS READY  
SERGEANT SPOOK ISSUES  
THE ORDER TO---



A TERRIFIC BLAST  
CRUMPLES THE  
PALACE WALLS!



RUNNING OVER THE CRUMPLED  
WALLS, AND INTO THE  
PALACE YARD...SERGEANT  
SPOOK'S MEN LOCK GRIPS  
WITH KING TUT'S ARMY AS  
SPOOK DASHES INTO THE  
PALACE IN SEARCH OF THE  
DESPOT---



HAI DOG...SO YOU WISH  
TO DO ME BATTLE? FOR  
YOUR RASHNESS, YOU  
WILL DIE!



TUT! TUT! "TUT"---  
YOU'RE BALMY! WE  
CAN'T KILL ONE ANOTHER!  
BUT THIS I CAN DO!



SLAM!



SPOOK DRAGS THE FALLEN  
KING TO A WINDOW IN  
THE PALACE, AND WHEN  
"TUT'S" ARMY SEES THE  
DEFEATED KING THEY  
THROW DOWN THEIR ARMS!



WITH KING TUT IN EXILE...  
HIS ARMY DISARMED...AND  
THE SLAVES FREED--SPOOK  
RETURNS TO GHOST TOWN  
IN TRIUMPH!



A NEW.....  
ADVENTURE WITH...

**SERGEANT  
SPOOK**

Appears In the Next  
**BLUE BOLT**





## MORSE-MEDICINE

by Andrew McWhiney

SUN-HAZED prairie rolled away from the tiny telegraph block-house, far north to dim, blue, snow-capped mountains; east and west to the sight's limit, slashed by the slender, daring rails of the new-laid transcontinental railroad; and south to where dusty trees marked a water-course. Save for a faint drift of black smoke to

the westward, and the lonely blockhouse, all was a vast emptiness. The year, 1870.

Telegraph operator Rance McDevitt finished his staccato report of westbound 14's passage, mopped his brow, opened the circuit, and turned to Cherry Creek Charlie, the scout, who lounged in the corner.

"And that," stated Rance, "makes 24 hours in which the Da-ko-tahs didn't rip up the poles and line somewhere. Either, their red bosoms is fillin' with affection for us, which I don't believe, or them worthless troops from the fort is really pat-rollin' the line instead of loafin' in the shade, which I believe even less."

Cherry Creek yawned.

"Cain't tell. Don't count on the Da-ko-tahs gettin' friendly. I hear different. They hate the railroad. In fact——"

"In fact, here they are now!" warned Rance. "Hidin' in the trees, they was, till 14 passed."

Cherry Creek sprang up and seized his rifle.

"Leave be," warned Rance. "Too many. Don't seem particular mad, either."

"Um," assented the scout, looking. "Mebbe wants parley." But he kept loose hold of the long Sharps rifle.

● Rance McDevitt's trick almost failed — until help came from out of the thin air!



Hooves shook the ground, and painted warriors surrounded the station. A splendidly bedaubed chief dismounted and advanced, followed by a score of mature fighting-fraternity braves.

"Running Wolf!" whispered Cherry Creek. He opened the door. Surprised, the Da-ko-tahs halted, peering sharply.

"How!" grunted Cherry Creek.

Running Wolf returned the grunt. He seemed hesitant. Finally he stepped forward a pace and orated in the Da-ko-tah tongue. Rance was on edge.

Now Running Wolf finished, staring haughtily.

"He says," translated Cherry Creek, "they have come to see for themselves the lightning-that-talks." He nodded at the telegraph instrument. "Their medicine men tell 'em lightning-that-talks is evil medicine, jealous, I guess. That's why they keep rootin' up the line."

"Yeah?" breathed Rance. "And——?"

"Running Wolf himself is neutral, but the medicine men have made some hot-headed braves believe you operators command trains to run or not run by the talking lightning. The trains frighten their squaws and herds, set fire to the grass and destroy the grazing, and drive away game. Bad medicine, see? The way to stop the trains is to kill the operators and wreck the wires. Then peace, see?"

**R**ANCE thought. "Think Running Wolf is really neutral?" "Can't tell—he's tricky. Old, too. I heard he's losin' control of the tribe. He'd probably like to play this the best way for himself. Depends. If he could blame it on somebody else without bringin' out the troops..."

At this a tall, haughty warrior advanced and harangued his chief. Others fingered their scalp knives and moved up. Rance went cold. "Nice to have known you, Cherry Creek," he muttered.

"Yeah? Don't forget, I'm a witness. They'll have to shut me up, too."

Suddenly Running Wolf nodded decisively. Both men were surrounded and seized.

"Listen!" Rance yelled. The startled Da-ko-tahs hesitated, looked at Running Wolf.

"Talk fast!" snapped Rance. "Tell 'em I can prove lightning-that-talks is good medicine for a chief. Ask him if he were on the war-path, and needed Yellow Bird, from beyond the fort, how long it would take a messenger to send word."

Cherry Creek translated. "He says 'three suns!'"

"Tell him I'll get Yellow Bird here in one sun! He must pretend he needs him!"

"Whoa!" cautioned Cherry Creek. "How d'ye know Yellow Bird ain't off chasin' rainbows somewhere?"

"He's around—I got the cavalry check-up on the wire not an hour ago!"

Cherry Creek grinned. "Gotcha! We'll try it!"

With heavy, hideous diplomacy he addressed the chief. Rance sensed Running Wolf's temptation. Watching, he knew the man could not afford to miss this chance to regain his failing authority. Finally he ordered his men away.

Rance closed circuit and got the fort. Quickly, emphatically, he outlined the situation. The other man rapped: "Do what I can. Good luck."

"Good luck!" mimicked Rance. "That's a new man, fresh from Chicago. The regular operator would have twisted Yellow Bird's hair till he got started. Now we'll have to take a chance."

**S**UNSET blurred the northern peaks; day's glory languished to dusk. Somehow the fierce brilliance of the enormous stars heightened Rance's despair. He must not lose hope.

Hours dragged with forced conversation. Rance wondered how the Da-ko-tahs stayed so alert, so watchful. He dozed uncomfortably. Night was endless. Fatigued and stiff, they watched dawn set the prairie ablaze again.

"Come to think of it," said the scout, "there'll be questions when you don't get on the wire today. Won't they send troops then?"

"Sunday," said the operator. "No trains."

Morning dragged on. Day began to smoulder with insufferable heat. Dazed, Rance lost track of time.

"Yellow Bird collapsed of sunstroke," hazarded the scout.

Rance stirred. "That tenderfoot at the fort," he growled, "must be waitin' for Congress to sign a treaty with these varmints."

In mid-afternoon Cherry Creek ventured: "Guess that treaty didn't pass, or Yellow Bird would have been here."

The warriors were restless now; Cherry Creek said they wanted to settle matters. "Glad we got a politician in charge," he said. "While he stalls, we live."

Afternoon burned on slowly. Rance grew desperate. Running Wolf controlled the Da-ko-tahs with difficulty. Then the sun began to set. Running Wolf's gamble had failed. He spoke at length.

"He says you're a fraud," said Charlie laconically. "It's over now. Watch me get that, tall coyote, though."

Running Wolf made a chopping gesture with his tomahawk and pointed at the whites. His men sprang forward. Suddenly, outside, a warrior yelled shrilly. Everyone looked. A lookout behind the station gestured toward the east with his spear.

Far across the prairie stormed a wavering line of horsemen, bristling with spears and tomahawks. Their shields looked like spread sails driving them through the angry surf of hoof-lashed dust.

Cherry Creek's howl was ear-splitting. "Yellow Bird!"

Running Wolf's face was full of wonder as he spurred forward.

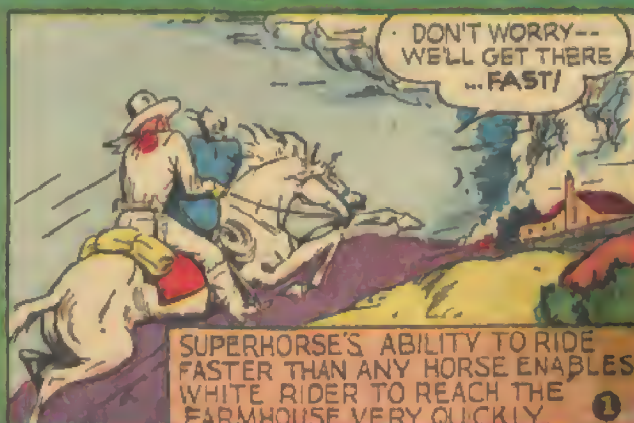
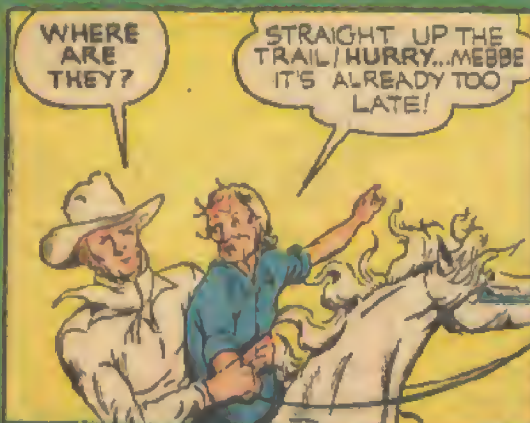
"He wants to kiss you," grinned the scout. "Go ahead — be a sport!"

END

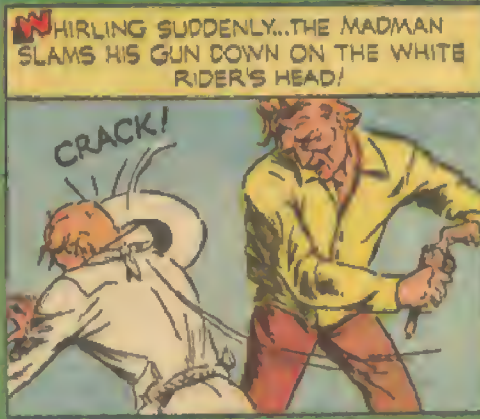


# The WHITE RIDER: and SUPER HORSE

REARED IN A STRANGE "LOST CANYON" WHERE THE STRONG PULL OF GRAVITY CAUSED A SUPER DEVELOPMENT OF THEIR MUSCULAR POWERS...THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE CONTINUE THEIR NEVER-CEASING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND OPPRESSION.... IN THE STRANGE HALF LIGHT OF DAWN, THESE TWO COMPANIONS OF THE PLAINS ENCOUNTER A WEIRD SIGHT---





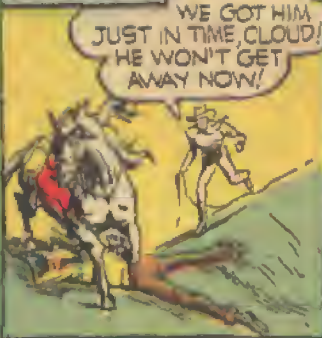




**B**UT SUPERHORSE'S KEEN SENSE OF HEARING COMES TO HIS RESCUE... EVEN AS THE RIDER RACES TO HIS AID, THE GREAT HORSE WHIRLS--



--AND IN A FEW SECONDS THE MANIAC IS SUBDUED AND BOUND!



WE GOT HIM JUST IN TIME, CLOUD! HE WON'T GET AWAY NOW!

WHERE'S YOUR DAUGHTER, MA'AM?



JANE... WAS TOOK BY T'OTHER ONE, MISTER-- YOU'VE GOT TUH FIND HER...



COME ON CLOUD-- LET'S GO!

WE'RE BEING FOLLERED! THEY CAN'T DO THAT TUH ME... GIT UP, HOSS!



HELP!!

SUPERHORSE'S KEEN SCENT BRINGS HIM QUICKLY ON THE TRAIL OF THE KIDNAPPER.

THAT'S THE GIRL ALL RIGHT--FASTER, CLOUD!



YOU'VE GOTTA QUIET DOWN--THERE! NOW I CAN KEEP THAT RIDER OFF!



CROSSING A WEAK WOODEN BRIDGE--THE MADMAN SUDDENLY DISMOUNTS...



THIS'LL FIX HIM!

THE CRAFTINESS OF INSANITY HELPS THE SHEPHERDER TO LAY A DANGEROUS TRAP...



A FEW MOMENTS LATER--



LOOK OUT CLOUD! BACK!

THEY'LL FALL AND DROWN! THEY WON'T FOLLER ME ANYMORE-- EVER... GIT UP!



**T**HE BRIDGE COLLAPSES... PLUNGES THE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE INTO THE STREAM!



**R**ISING TO THE SURFACE--SUPERHORSE FAILS TO FIND HIS MASTER!



**Q**UICKLY DIVING BENEATH THE SURFACE SUPERHORSE FINDS THE RIDER CAUGHT BENEATH A HUGE IRON-BOUND SPAR...



**H**AVING FREED THE WHITE RIDER, SUPERHORSE TENDERLY CLUTCHES THE RIDER'S ARM AND BRINGS HIM TO SHORE!



THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, CLOUD... BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ON!



**T**HE TRAIL LEADS STEADILY UPWARDS, UNTIL...

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME! NO ONE CAN GIT ME!



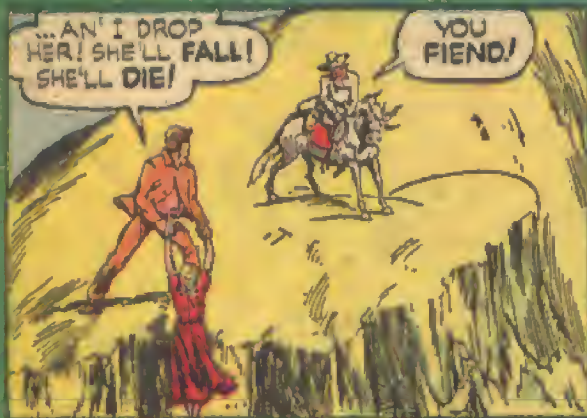
**T**HE WHITE RIDER DRAWS HIS GUN AND AIMS... BUT THE HAMMER CLICKS HARMLESSLY---THE POWDER IS WET...



HA! HA! I'VE STILL GOT THE GIRL! STAY AWAY, MISTER--- TAKE ONE MORE STEP...







**SUPERHORSE, OBEYING HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, MOVES TOWARD THE MADMAN... BUT STOPS JUST OUT OF REACH, HOPING TO LURE HIM BACK FROM THE CLIFF'S EDGE!**

**WHILE SUPERHORSE MOVES TOWARD THE MADMAN, THE RIDER CLIMBS DOWN THE CLIFF, HOPING TO GET BENEATH THE SUSPENDED GIRL!**



**MEANWHILE, AS SUPERHORSE PAUSES--THE MADMAN LUNGES AT HIM--LOSING HIS GRIP---**

**--AND HURTLES DOWN THE CLIFF WITH THE GIRL--**

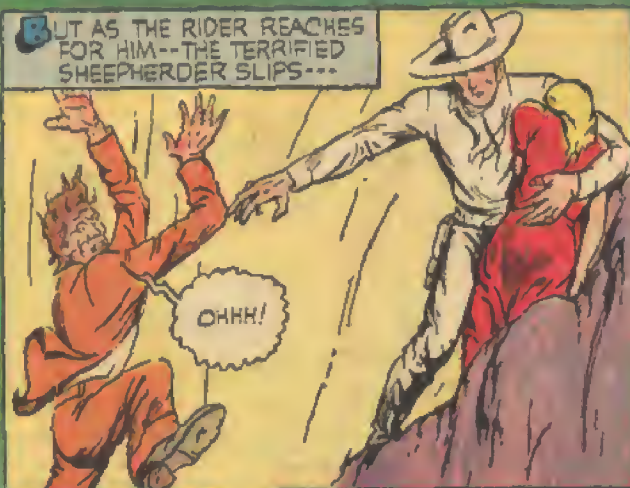


**WHERE THE RIDER IS WAITING!**





**B**UT AS THE RIDER REACHES FOR HIM--THE TERRIFIED SHEPHERDER SLIPS---



HE'S GONE...AND SO ARE WE, UNLESS I CAN GET THIS UNCONSCIOUS GIRL UP THE CLIFF! THE ROPE WON'T REACH THE BOTTOM...

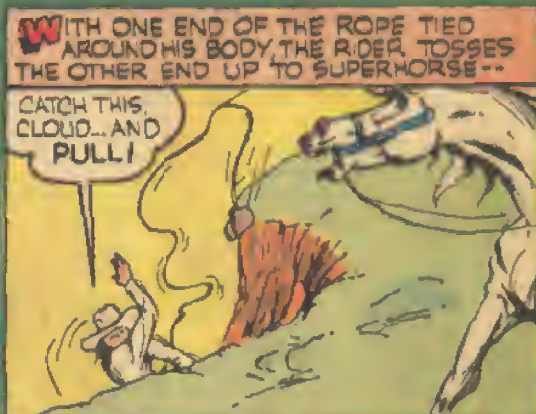


**T**HE RIDER HITS UPON A PLAN-- IF ONLY CLOUD CAN CATCH THIS ROCK...



**W**ITH ONE END OF THE ROPE TIED AROUND HIS BODY, THE RIDER, TOSSES THE OTHER END UP TO SUPERHORSE--

CATCH THIS, CLOUD...AND PULL!



--BUT MISSES!



**T**HE SECOND ATTEMPT PROVES SUCCESSFUL...MAKING A DESPERATE GRAB, SUPERHORSE CATCHES THE ROPE

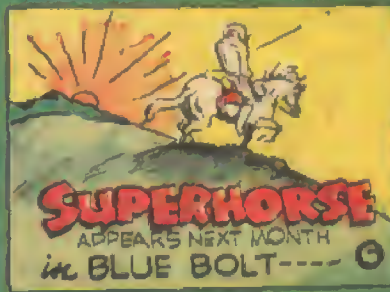
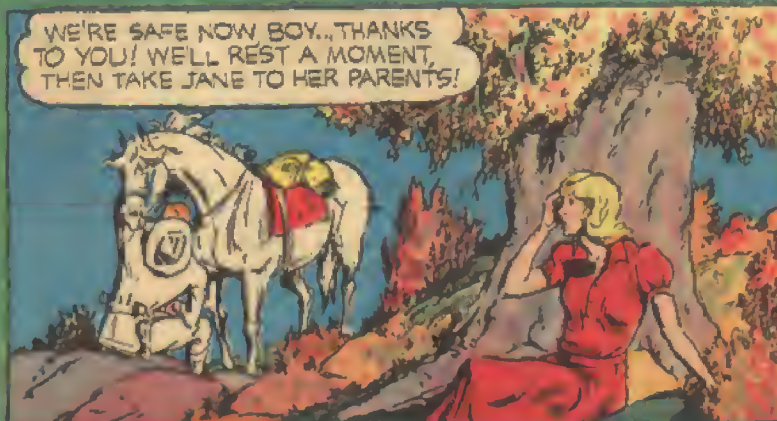


**H**OLDING THE ROPE TIGHTLY, SUPERHORSE SLOWLY BACKS AWAY--RAISING THE GIRL AND HIS MASTER TO SAFETY!

KEEP...ON, BOY! PULL!



WE'RE SAFE NOW BOY...THANKS TO YOU! WE'LL REST A MOMENT, THEN TAKE JANE TO HER PARENTS!





# EDISON BELL



JERRY, EDISON BELL'S PAL...IS ALL STEAMED UP WITH A NEW IDEA THAT HE THINKS WILL OUT-DO EDDIE'S VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS!

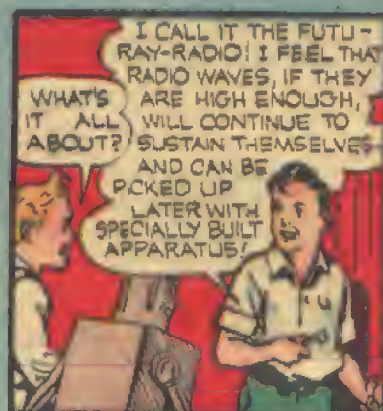


IT'S FINISHED! AFTER A WHOLE MONTH'S WORK! NOW I CAN SHOW IT TO EDDIE AND FRANKIE...I'LL SHOW 'EM!



WELL...HOW IS THE GREAT INVENTION COMING?

ALL FINISHED-- I'LL SHOW YOU!



I CALL IT THE FUTU-RAY-RADIO! I FEEL THAT RADIO WAVES, IF THEY ARE HIGH ENOUGH, WILL CONTINUE TO ABOUT? SUSTAIN THEMSELVES AND CAN BE PICKED UP LATER WITH SPECIALLY BUILT APPARATUS!



COME AGAIN... SLOWLY, PLEASE!

IT'S SIMPLE--I WILL PROJECT HIGH FRE-QUENCY RADIO WAVES, AND PICK THEM UP TONIGHT TO PROVE IT!



I WILL NOW SPEAK...AH--A POEM INTO THE MACHINE--AND TOGETHER WE WILL TUNE IN ON THIS SAME WAVELENGTH TONIGHT AND PICK IT UP! MARY HAD A...

TCH! TCH! TO THINK THIS SHOULD HAPPEN TO MY BEST PAL!

?



WELL...I'LL PICK YOU UP ABOUT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

OKAY!

IF THEY DON'T PICK YOU UP FIRST!



THERE HE GOES... COME ON--WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

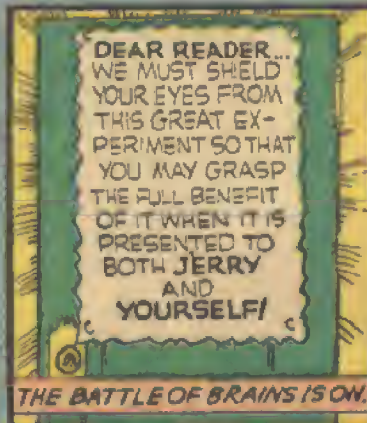
RIGHT!



KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR JERRY--I WANT THIS TO BE A "SURPRISE"!

I WILL!





EVER TALK TO A PAPER CUP?  
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

MAKE THESE

# PAPERCUP Telephones

THEY WORK SWELL!

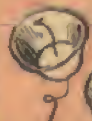
LOTS OF FUN!

ALL YOU NEED IS A BALL OF STRONG TWINE...A FEW PIECES OF CARDBOARD...TWO SIX INCH LENGTHS OF MAILING TUBE...AND FOUR ROUND PAPER CUPS. STRETCH THE STRING TIGHTLY, AND SPEAK TO YOUR PALS!

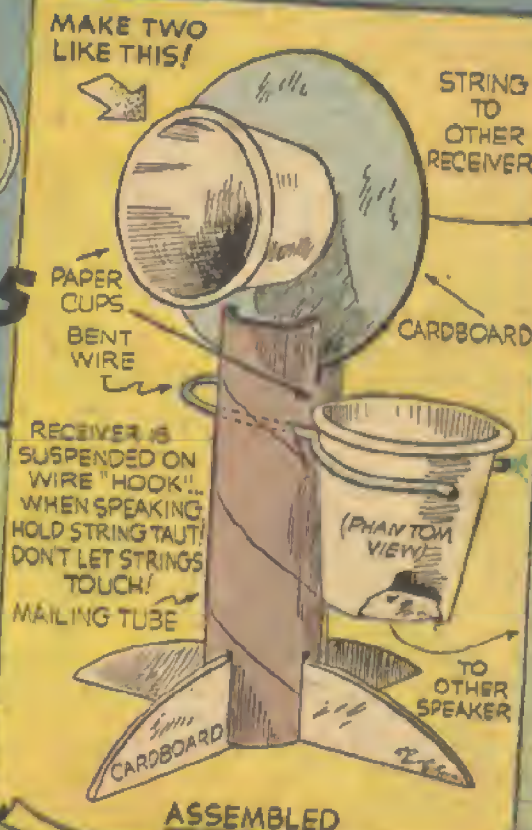


CUT TUBE TO INSERT PIECES... BASE CUT AS SHOWN TO FIT TOGETHER.

INSERT STRING THROUGH PIN-HOLE IN BOTTOM CENTER OF EACH CUP, AND KNOT IT.



PIECE THAT HOLDS SPEAKER IS INSERTED INTO TOP SLIT IN TUBE... CUP INSERTED HALF-WAY...





STREAM ENGINEER

# RUNAWAY RONSON

THE COLD HANDS  
OF DEATH REACH  
OUT FOR THE  
FIFTH TIME IN  
THE STEVENS'  
LUMBER RACE

THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE,  
A BALDWIN M-1 MOUNTAIN-  
TYPE LOCOMOTIVE WITH A  
DRASTIC THIRTY FLAT-CARS  
THUNDERS INTO THE LOADING  
JUNCTION OF THE CARTIER  
AND THE OVERHOLT LUMBER  
CAMPS. RIVALS IN THE  
ANNUAL LUMBER RACE....



NICE  
PEACEFUL  
LITTLE PLACE!  
EVEN A RECEPTION  
COMMITTEE TO MEET  
US!



IN THE ENGINE CAB IS  
"RUNAWAY" RONSON, FAM-  
OUS AS THE RAILROAD'S  
FASTEST ENGINEER.

HEY, CARTIER... LOOK AT  
TH' PRETTY BOY WHO'S  
GONNA TAKE OVERHOLT'S  
LUMBER  
THROUGH!

YEAH! SAY—  
MAYBE WE CAN  
TAKE CARE OF HIM  
BEFORE TH' RACE!  
GIVE HIM TH' WORKS,  
HANK!





HEY, YOU— GET THIS CRATE OUT OF HERE! HOW DO YOU EXPECT US TO FINISH LOADIN' TH OTHER TRAIN?

ASK SOMEBODY ELSE—NOT ME! NOW, BEAT IT, BUD!



A WISE GUY, EH?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS—BUT I GUESS TWO CAN PLAY IT AS WELL AS ONE!



WHAT TH—?



SAY—WHO IS THIS GUY?

I'LL FIX HIM...WITH THIS CLUB, BOSS!



CARTIER'S MAN IS ABOUT TO CLUB THE ENGINEER...



WHEN SUDDENLY, THE CRACK OF A RIFLE FILLS THE AIR!



WELL I'LL BE — NICE SHOOTING, MR. --- MR. ---

SHANTY OVERHOLT FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, YOU MUST BE MY ENGINEER, RUNAWAY, RONSON!



RUNAWAY RONSON—MNOT THE....

YES! NOW GET OFF MY PROPERTY... AND TAKE YOUR TRAMPS WITH YOU!





WELL, SON... YOU'VE HAD A TASTE OF WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST! THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

NICE BUNCH OF BOYS!



CARTIER HAS WRECKED MY TRAINS AND KILLED MY MEN FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! I KNOW IT MYSELF... BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT! IF MY TRAIN CRACKS UP THIS TIME, IT MEANS I'M THROUGH AS A LUMBER MAN!



H-M-M-M—THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN I THOUGHT! WELL, CARTIER IS GOING TO HAVE HIS HANDS FULL IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO DO ANY DIRTY WORK THIS TIME!



THAT NIGHT... AFTER OVERHOLT'S LUMBER HAD BEEN LOADED ON TO THE TRAIN, RUNAWAY HAS GUARDS PLACED ALL AROUND IT.



BUT—IN BETWEEN THE CARS OF CARTIER'S TRAIN.

TOO MANY OF 'EM—THEY'D SEE US!

LISTEN—I GOT AN IDEA!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A RATTLING NOISE ATTRACTS THE GUARD ATOP THE TRAIN.



AS THE GUARD TURNS, HANK, CARTIER'S FOREMAN, DARTS TO OVERHOLT'S TRAIN.



ALL SET! BOSS, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

C'MON—THE RACE IS AS GOOD AS WON!



HE FINGERS WITH SOMETHING UNDERNEATH A CAR.....



AND LEAVES AGAIN, UNSEEN... UNAWARE THAT A NAIL HAD TORN A PATCH OUT OF HIS TROUSERS!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING, EVERYTHING SEEMING IN PERFECT ORDER, THE TWO TRAINS START OFF ON THEIR RACE TO THE STEVENS MILLS.



WELL, CARTIER—THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE THAT GOLD PLAQUE AND ALL THE PRESTIGE THAT GOES WITH IT.... OR I'LL EAT EVERY LOG ON THIS TRAIN!



HEH-HEH! LOTS OF LUCK!

RUNAWAY, WITH OVERHOLT'S LOAD WATCHES HIS RIVAL GET STARTED AS CARTIER BIDS HIM "LUCKY."

THE TWO TRAINS THUNDER ALONG THE IRON PIKE... RUNAWAY FORGING AHEAD WITH EVERY FOOT OF THE DANGEROUS RUN.



OVER THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE... THEN, THE STEEP WINDING DESCENT ON THE OTHER SIDE!



I'D BETTER CHECK THE DRAG—TOO STEEP TO TAKE AT FULL SPEED!

THE HISS OF AIR-BRAKES SOUNDS FROM THE ENGINE! BUT—ONLY A RATTLE OF CARS BANGING TOGETHER FROM THE DRAG RESULTS!



JUMPING CATFISH—THE AIR HOSE IS JAMMED!

THIS MEANT TIGHTENING HAND-BRAKES ON THIRTY CARS FOR THE BRAKEMEN—AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TASK!



HURRY—OR WE'LL JUMP!



SO THAT RAT, CARTIER,  
FIXED THINGS ANYWAY!  
BUT NOT WELL ENOUGH  
TO FOOL ME! ANDY—SEE  
THAT THE BRAKE PRESSURE  
STAYS AT FORTY POUNDS—  
I'M GOING BACK!

OKAY!



SOMETHING  
GONE  
WRONG?

NOPE—JUST  
A LITTLE  
MISCALCULATION  
ON YOUR  
PART!



ONE OF CARTIER'S HENCH-  
MEN ON THE ADJOINING  
TRAIN JIBES AT RUNAWAY.

INSTEAD OF GOING FOR  
THE HAND BRAKE, RUNAWAY  
SCRAMBLES DOWN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE CAR...



... AND HANGING IN MID-AIR,  
REACHES UNDER THE FLAT-  
CAR.



JUST AS, I THOUGHT—  
THE AUXILIARY-TANK VALVE  
IS CLOSED! WELL—WHAT'S  
THIS—A PATCH TORN  
OUT OF SOMEONE'S  
TROUSERS!



MEANWHILE... ON CARTIER'S  
TRAIN.....

YOU'RE A  
SMART GUY, BUD—  
TOO SMART!!



USING A CANT-HOOK, HANK  
UNHOOKS THE CHAINS  
HOLDING THE TIMBER ON  
TO THE FLAT-CAR UNDER  
WHICH RUNAWAY IS WORKING



HERE'S TH' LAST CHAIN....  
AN' TH' END OF THAT  
SMART GUY!



AS RUNAWAY CLOSES THE  
VALVE, THE TIMBER STARTS  
TO ROLL OFF THE CAR.



THE FALLING TIMBER DOES NO HARM—  
BUT, THE SUDDEN SLOWING  
DOWN OF OVERHOLT'S TRAIN  
CATCHES HANK UNAWARE...  
UNABLE TO GET HIS CANT-  
HOOK OUT OF THE CHAIN IN  
TIME, HE IS PULLED OVER  
ONTO RUNAWAY'S CAR.



AS RUNAWAY CLIMBS OVER THE SIDE OF THE CAR ...

WELL — WE MEET AGAIN! SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT UNHOOKED THE CHAINS OVER THE TIMBER!

SO WHAT?



PICKING UP HIS CANT-HOOK, HANK RUSHES SAVAGELY AT RUNAWAY ...

NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH!



... ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY CRASHING IRON FISTS!



L-LAY OFF — I-IVE HAD ENOUGH!



AS HANK DROPS, RUNAWAY SEES HIS TORN TROUSERS!



WELL — I SEE THAT THIS PATCH I FOUND UNDER THE TRAIN MATCHES THE HOLE MADE IN YOUR TROUSERS, PERFECTLY!



KINDA TIES THINGS UP PRETTY WELL, EH, BUD? LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE LAST RACE YOU AND I'VE GOT TO RUN. YEAH! WELL, WE'LL SEE! CARTIER WILL FIX!



LATER — AFTER RUNAWAY HAS WON THE "RACE"

WE "SAW" ALL RIGHT. THE JURY FOUND HANK GUILTY, AND IT WAS THE LAST OF THE CROOKED LUMBER-TRAIN RACES TO STEVENS MILLS!



ANALYST  
LUMBER  
AND STEVENS



# OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TALES

THE RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN ENTERTAINS HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, WITH TALES OF GREAT AMERICAN TRADITIONS AND OF THE MEN WHO MADE THEM.



SOLIDARITY, JOEY-THATS WHAT OUR NATION NEEDS, AND THATS WHAT BEN FRANKLIN MEANT WHEN HE SAID:

"WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUREDLY WE SHALL ALL HANG SEPARATELY....."



FRANKLIN, THE 15<sup>TH</sup> OF 17 CHILDREN, BEGAN LIFE AS AN APPRENTICE IN HIS FATHER'S TALLOW SHOP.



HE NEXT WENT TO WORK FOR ONE OF HIS ELDER BROTHERS, A PRINTER.

BUT HE WROTE SO MANY TIMES FOR HIS BROTHERS PAPER...



WHICH HE SLIPPED UNDER THE SHOP DOOR AND WHICH HIS BROTHER, NOT KNOWING THEIR AUTHORSHIP PUBLISHED...



WHEN THE BROTHER DISCOVERED THIS HE REFUSED TO USE BENS WORK-BEN, DISGUSTED, RAN AWAY FROM HOME.







FRANKLIN BECAME RICH AND SUCCESSFUL. HE ENTERED THE PENNSYLVANIA ASSEMBLY AND BECAME POSTMASTER, INTRODUCING THE THEN FAST SERVICE-PONY EXPRESS.



During the French and Indian War he personally financed the transportation of Braddock's supplies.

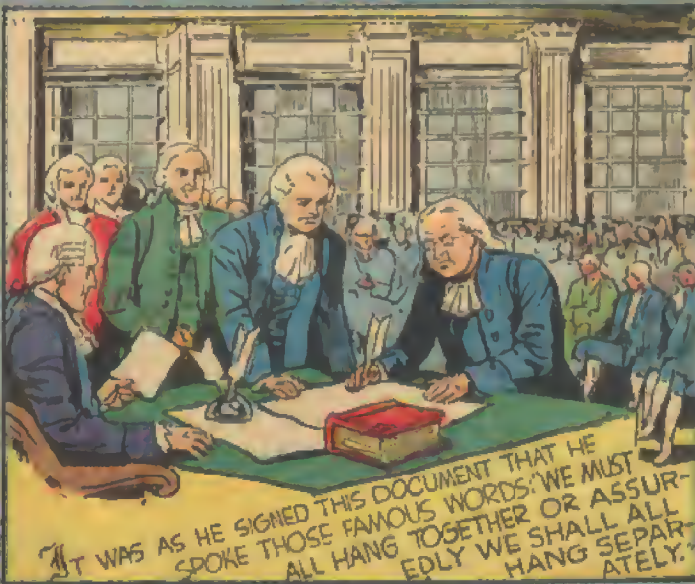


THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION ENDED IN BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT AND DEATH.

IN 1775 HE PLEADED THE CAUSE OF THE COLONIES BEFORE THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN AN EFFORT TO AVOID WAR.



WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED HE WITH JEFFERSON AND MADISON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.



IT WAS AS HE SIGNED THIS DOCUMENT THAT HE SPOKE THOSE FAMOUS WORDS: 'WE MUST ALL HANG TOGETHER OR ASSUREDLY WE SHALL SEPARATELY.'



# PONY TRACKS

THE PURPLE COW RODEO IS OVER--OUR HEROES FEEL THEY HAVE BEEN DISGRACED...THE JOUSTING BOUT WAS NOT A SUCCESS! THE BOYS ARE NOW TRYING TO GET AWAY!

JASPER! DARLING!

YOO-HOO! CRISCO... HONEY!

WE'RE LEAVIN' THESE PARTS, PRONTO!

by JACK A. WARREN

NOW THAT WE'RE FUGITIVES FROM THE CHUCK HOUSE...NO JOBS AND NO DINERO--JUST WHAT DO WE DO...MR. BIG BRAIN?

I DON'T KNOW!

OUR THIRTY YEARS SAVIN'S GONE! NO SADDLES...NO HORSES...NO DINERO! WE'RE JUST NOTHIN' BUT A COUPLA TRAMPS--AN' I DON'T MEAN SADDLE TRAMPS! IT'S JUST PLUMB MORTIFYIN'...

WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWKIN' 'BOUT? WE STARTED OUT TO SEE TH' WORLD, DIDN'T WE?...I SAY, DIDN'T WE?

WHY I EVER STARTED OUT TO SEE TH' WORLD WITH YOU AS A GUIDE...I DON'T KNOW!

THEM'S TH' DAH-GONEST HIGHEST BUILDIN'S I EVER DID SEE! I FEEL KINDA PENT IN...KINDA SUFFICATIN' LIKE!

GOSH-- I'M SURE HUNGRY!

SOME TIME LATER...

MORE TROUBLE!

DAH-GONE! I'VE GOT IT!--THEM GIRLS NEVER WILL FIND US WHERE WE'RE GOIN'!

THERE'S TH' ANSWER TO ALL OUR TROUBLES!

JOIN THE ARMY

IF MY UNCLE WANTS ME, I'M READY!

AND SEE THE WORLD. WHY NOT NOW?

1



TELL MY UNCLE SAMMY I'M HERE!  
WE WANNA JOIN UP!  
STEP INSIDE AND SEE THE CAPTAIN!

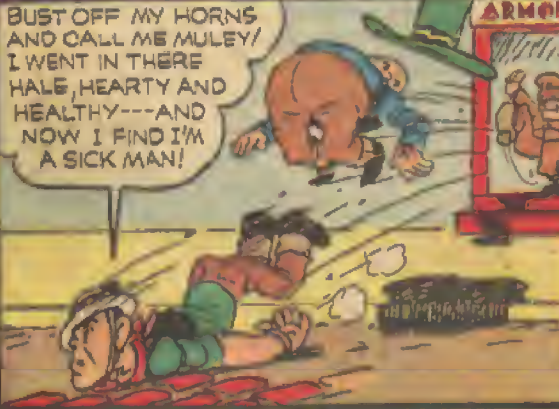


I'VE JUST EXAMINED THEM! THEY HAVE  
FLAT FEET--ARE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND,  
AND WACKY IN THE HEAD!



HEY! WHEN  
DO WE EAT?

BUST OFF MY HORNS  
AND CALL ME MULEY!  
I WENT IN THERE  
HALE, HEARTY AND  
HEALTHY---AND  
NOW I FIND I'M  
A SICK MAN!



FERGIT IT, PARD...WE DONT WANNA  
JOIN UP WITH THAT OUTFIT!  
THEY WALKS...WE'UNS  
IS HORSE BACK RIDERS!  
DERN GOOD ONES,  
I'D SAY! YOU COME  
WITH ME--I KNOW  
HOW WE CAN  
JOIN TH' ARMY!

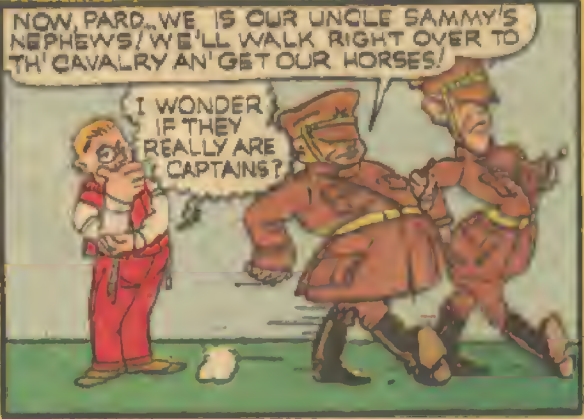


WE WANT TO BUY  
UNNYFORMS LIKE  
THEM ARMY MEN  
WEARS!



YES  
SIR!

NOW, PARD...WE IS OUR UNCLE SAMMY'S  
NEPHEWS! WE'LL WALK RIGHT OVER TO  
TH' CAVALRY AN' GET OUR HORSES!



I WONDER  
IF THEY  
REALLY ARE  
CAPTAINS?

WHAT TH--? HOW COME  
ALL THIS HAT TIPPIN'?  
HEY, YOU...CAN'T  
YOU SAY HOWDY  
LIKE A GENT?



HOWDY...  
HUH...  
UH...

SNAP

WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH THESE HOMBRES?  
THEY'RE RIGHT UNFRIENDLY! NOT A ONE  
SAID HOWDY  
TO US!





MAYBE IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE  
WE GOTTA BE INTRODUCED--I'VE HEARD  
SOME FOLKS IS KINDA PARTICULAR  
THAT-A-WAY!

NAH! I THINK IT'S  
BECAUSE THEY AIN'T  
SAVVYED WHAT  
FINE GENTS WE IS!

SIR, I'M ONLY A PRIVATE  
AND KNOW MY PLACE--  
THE BOOK OF ARMY  
REGULATIONS SAYS...

WHAT DOES  
THAT BOOK SAY,  
MR. PRIVATE?

I'M GONNA BUST A FEW OF YOU HAIRPINS  
'ROUND HERE, IF YA DON'T QUIT TIPPIN' YOUR  
HATS TO US!



I SALUTE YOU FIRST,  
THEN YOU MUST RETURN  
THE SALUTE! THAT IS  
SHOWING RESPECT FOR  
THE UNIFORM AND  
RECOGNIZING YOU AS  
MY SUPERIOR!

HE MEANS THEY  
TIP THEIR HATS  
FIRST... THEN  
WE TIPS OURS!



IT'S A LOCO IDEA, BUT I RECKON IT'S  
ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE THEY CAN  
SEE WE KNOWS HORSES, HUH?

WELL--WE'LL  
HUMOR 'EM  
FOR A WHILE!



REMEMBER, WE ONLY TIP OUR HATS  
WHEN AND AFTER THEY TIP THEIR'S!  
THAT IS CALLED SALUTIN'!



?

HE DIDN'T TIP  
HIS HAT TO  
US!

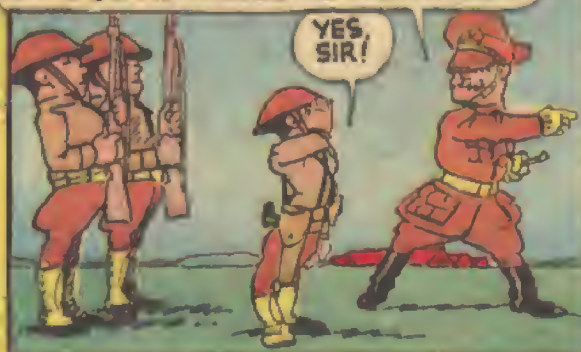


CORPORAL  
OF TH' GUARD!!





ARREST THOSE TWO CAPTAINS! THROW THEM  
IN THE GUARD HOUSE...TREAT 'EM ROUGH!



**HALT!**

YOU ARE  
UNDER  
ARREST!

I HAVE A FEELIN' YOUR  
IDEA OF US JOININ' TH'  
ARMY IS LIKE ALL TH'  
OTHER BRAIN STORMS  
YOU GET--NO GOOD!

WHO?  
US?



DO THEY ALLOW YOU TO PACK  
HEAVY ARTILLERY LIKE YOU  
GOT ON!

TSK!  
TSK!



HEY...BE CAREFUL HOW  
YOU USE THEM BUTCHER  
KNIVES--I MIGHT GET MAD!

SHUT UP, YOU  
FAT LUMP! WE IS  
IN BAD!

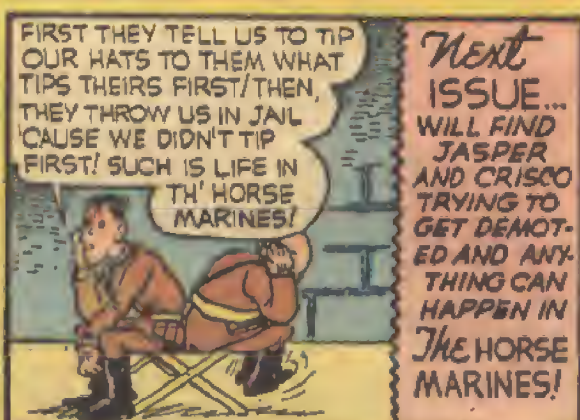
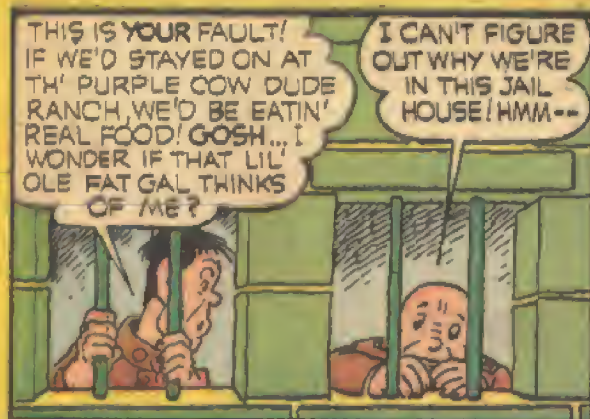
-GIT!



CUT  
OUT

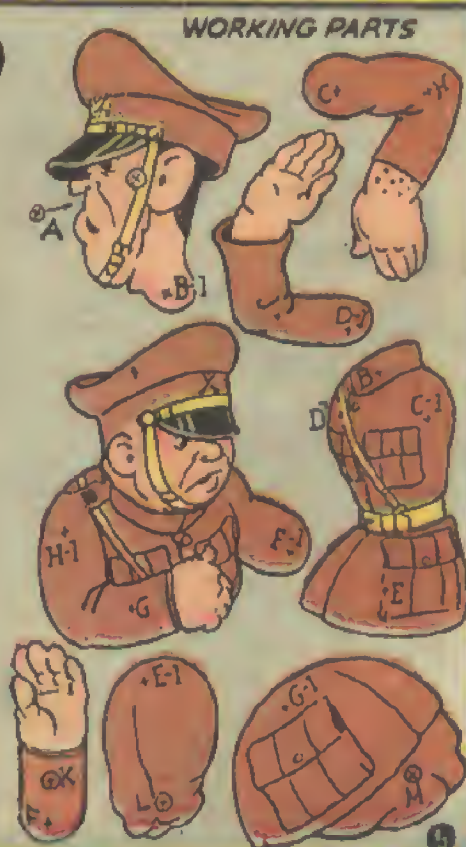






## JACK A. WARREN'S ANIMATED CARTOON - CUTOUTS

**DIRECTIONS....**CUT OUT BACKGROUND ON OPPOSITE PAGE, AND THE WORKING PARTS ON THIS PAGE...WITH PASTE OR RUBBER CEMENT, MOUNT THEM ON CARDBOARD OR STIFF PAPER...CUT OUT LARGE HOLE ON BACKGROUND--**DOTTED LINE**-- CUT OUT WORKING PARTS CAREFULLY! TAKE NEEDLE AND THREAD--**DOUBLE**--KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE AND SEW THROUGH AT POINT A. KNOT THREAD UP CLOSE...LEAVE ABOUT TWO INCH KNOT, AND TRIM OFF...NEXT SEW THROUGH AT POINT B TO POINT B-1...PULL PIECES UP CLOSE, KNOT THREAD, AND TRIM...REPEAT AT POINT C TO C-1... D TO D-1... E TO E-1... F TO F-1...G TO G-1...H TO H-1...NEXT SEW THROUGH PART AT POINT J TO J-1...ON BACKGROUND--NEXT K TO K-1... L TO L-1... AND M TO M-1... PULL THREAD LEFT AT POINT A THROUGH HOLE ON BACKGROUND--TURN THREAD AT BACK, AND SEE THEM **SALUTE!**





# The Phantom Sub

by FOS



WITH THE TOTALITARIAN STATES OF THE WORLD PLOTTING THE RUIN OF ALL THE DEMOCRACIES, THE UNITED STATES IS BEING OVERRUN WITH FOREIGN AGENTS AND SO-CALLED FIFTH COLUMNISTS. ONE FOCAL POINT OF THESE SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IS THE SOUTHERN COAST OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE WATERS WHICH BORDER THE PANAMA CANAL!

AS THE PHANTOM SUB SPEEDS UP THRU THE WATERS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO IT ENCOUNTERS A U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER CHASING A FAST POWER BOAT -



ABOARD THE SUB

WOW THAT CUTTER CERTAINLY DOES WANT TO CATCH THAT POWER BOAT!

LOOK! THERE IS A PLANE!



IT MUST BE A COAST GUARD PLANE.

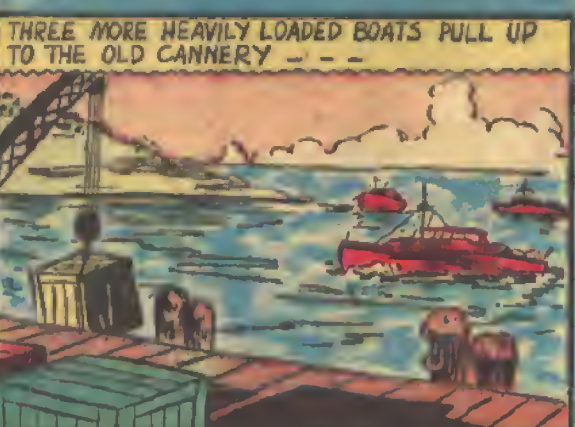
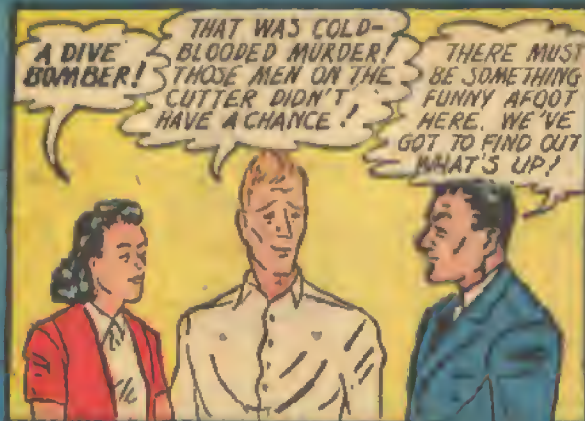
NO, IT HAS NO MARKINGS. LOOK, IT'S DIVING RIGHT AT THE CUTTER!



BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES THE UNIDENTIFIED PLANE BOMBS THE COAST GUARD CUTTER!









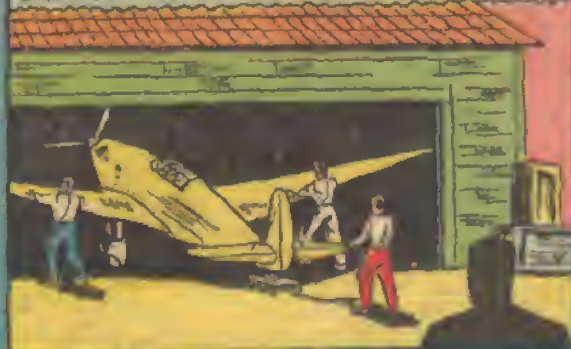
THE OTHER BOATS ARE QUICKLY UNLOADED  
AND THEIR CONTENTS TRANSFERRED TO THE  
OLD CANNERY --



THEN WITH A ROAR THE DIVE BOMBER  
LANDS ON THE BEACH AND TAXIES UP TO  
THE BUILDING --



A DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE CANNERY SLIDES  
BACK AND THE PLANE IS WHEELED INSIDE.



WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND OUT WHAT'S  
GOING ON IN  
THAT CANNERY!

WE'LL HAVE TO  
GO ASHORE  
FOR THAT!

YOU'RE GOING  
ASHORE? THEN  
I'M GOING  
TOO!



BUT YOU CAN'T  
ALICIA! IT'S  
TOO DANGEROUS!

BUT I'M NOT  
AFRAID, I'LL  
BE CAREFUL!

SORRY AL  
BUT IT'S AS  
JACK SAYS,  
YOU CAN'T GO!



LEAVING THE SUB, THE TRIO CREEPS TOWARD  
THE OLD CANNERY --

OUR BEST BET IS TO LOOK  
THRU THE SLIDING DOOR  
AT THE SIDE.

YEAH, BUT SH-HH  
WE'RE GETTING  
IN CLOSE!



JUST AS THE THREE REACH THE BUILDING, THE  
WALK UNDERNEATH THEM GIVES WAY --



THEY ARE PLUNGED INTO A DEEP HOLE!  
IT IS A TRAP!





A SHORT WHILE LATER THE THREE REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND THEMSELVES TIGHTLY BOUND.

WELL, MY INQUISITIVE FRIENDS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH, WE -- JACK, LOOK OVER THERE!



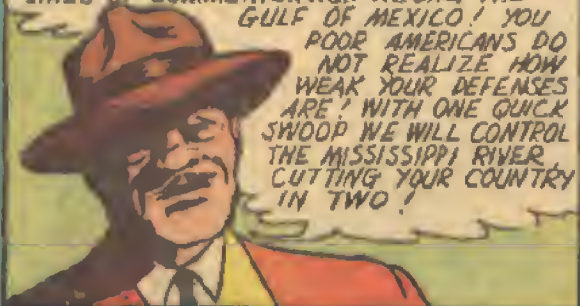
WHY ARE THEY'RE BOMBING PLANES?

YES, AND FIGHTERS TOO. WE BRING THESE PLANES IN HERE PIECE MEAL AND ASSEMBLE THEM FOR A PURPOSE THE U.S. WILL SOON KNOW!



THESE PLANES, WHEN FINISHED, WILL, IN A LIGHTNING ATTACK, DESTROY ALL THE MUNITIONS DEPOTS, AIRPORTS, AND CENTRAL LINES OF COMMUNICATION ALONG THE GULF OF MEXICO!

POOR AMERICANS DO NOT REALIZE HOW WEAK YOUR DEFENSES ARE! WITH ONE QUICK SWOOP WE WILL CONTROL THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER CUTTING YOUR COUNTRY IN TWO!



WHY YOU'RE MAD! YOU COULD NEVER DO THAT!

YOU THINK NOT? WELL ANYWAY YOU WON'T SEE IT. -- IN A SHORT WHILE YOU ARE TO BE TAKEN UP IN A PLANE AND DROPPED FROM SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO!



MEANWHILE: OUTSIDE A DIM FIGURE LISTENS. IT IS ALICIA! SHE HAS FOLLOWED THEM!

WHAT CAN I DO? THEY'LL BE KILLED! I MUST GET BACK TO THE SUB!



WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM. THEY'LL BE MURDERED! OH, HURRY!

CALM DOWN, ALICIA. WE'LL GET THEM OUT OF THERE-- BUT WE NEED STEADY NERVES TO DO IT!



OKAY TED - YOU'RE IN CHARGE. GOT ANY PLANS?

YES, WE'RE OUTNUMBERED SO OUR BEST BET IS A SURPRISE ATTACK. WE'LL SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS, ONE GROUP STAYS TO MAN THE GUN, THE OTHER GOES ASHORE!



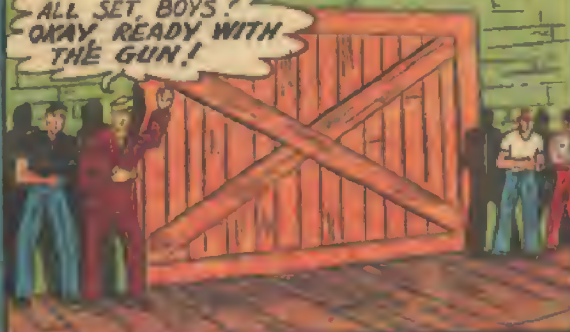
THE PHANTOM SUB IS BROUGHT UP TO THE DOCK AND PART OF THE CREW CREEP TOWARD THE OLD CANNERY -



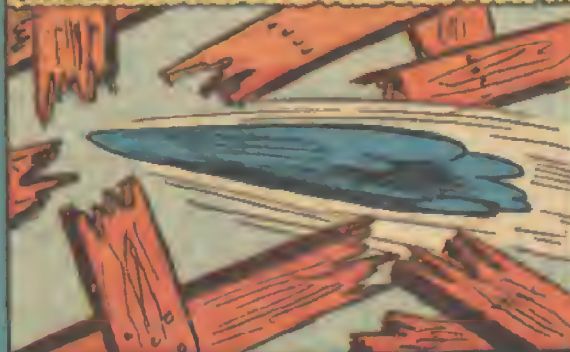


UNDER TED'S DIRECTION, THE CREW ALIGN THEMSELVES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CANNERY DOOR.

ALL SET, BOYS?  
OKAY, READY WITH  
THE GUN!



THE TERRIFICALLY COMPRESSED PROJECTILE SMASHES THE HEAVY CANNERY DOOR TO BITS!



OUT TO THE ATTACK RUSH THE FIFTH-COLUMNISTS

SHOOT THEM  
DOWN!



THE WATER-GUN SPEAKS -



WHAT'S THAT?  
WE'RE ATTACKED!  
OUTSIDE MEN AND  
MOP 'EM UP!

RIGHT!



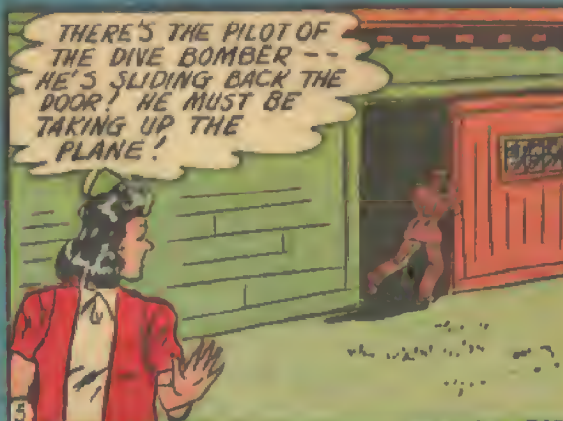
TO BE SURROUNDED BY THE PHANTOM CREW!

DOP!

UHHH!



THERE'S THE PILOT OF  
THE DIVE BOMBER --  
HE'S SLIDING BACK THE  
DOOR! HE MUST BE  
TAKING UP THE  
PLANE!



HERE HE COMES!  
HE MUSTN'T GET  
THAT PLANE UP -- HE'LL  
DESTROY THE SUB!  
I'VE GOT TO  
STOP HIM!





MOVING QUICKLY, ALICIA SLIDES THE WELL-OILED DOOR SHUT IN FRONT OF THE ONRUSHING PLANE.



THE SPEEDING PLANE CRASHES INTO THE DOOR —



BROKEN FUEL LINES SPRAY GASOLINE ONTO THE MOTOR. IT IGNITES! THE GAS TANKS EXPLODE AND SOON THE OLD CANNERY IS A MASS OF FLAMES!



INSIDE THE INFERNO, HELPLESSLY BOUND ARE JACK, SLIM, AND PROFESSOR STARKSON —



WOW IT'S GETTING WARM!

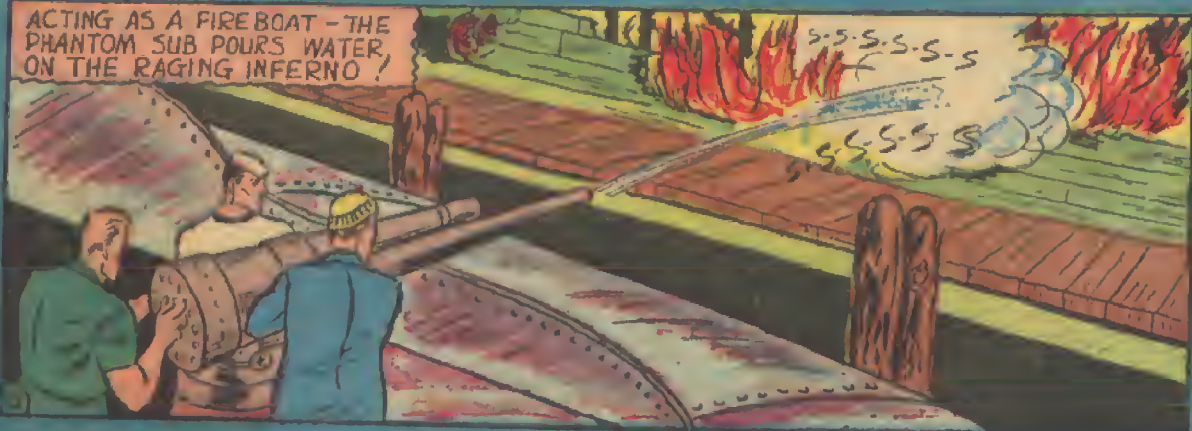
IT IS A LITTLE CLOSE, ISN'T IT?



TED, LOOK! THERE'S JACK, SLIM AND DAD! THEY'LL BE BURNED TO DEATH!

NOBODY COULD GET THRU THOSE FLAMES. WE'VE GOT TO PUT OUT THAT FIRE!

ACTING AS A FIREBOAT — THE PHANTOM SUB POURS WATER ON THE RAGING INFERNO!





MEANWHILE OFF THE COAST... A COAST GUARD CUTTER IS SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING CUTTER WHICH THE DIVE BOMBER HAD SO RUTHLESSLY BOMBED AND DESTROYED -



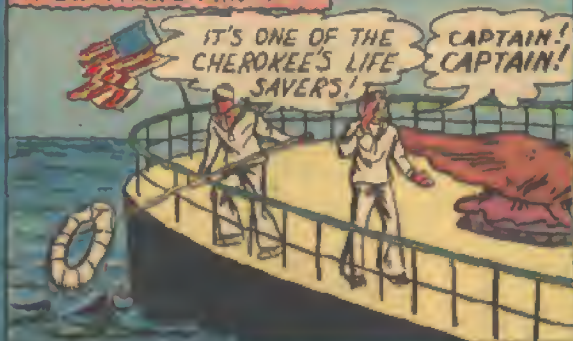
WE ARE RIGHT IN THE AREA FROM WHICH THE CHEROKEE WAS LAST HEARD!



YES, ACCORDING TO THEIR LAST REPORT, THEY WERE CHASING A SUSPICIOUS POWER BOAT!



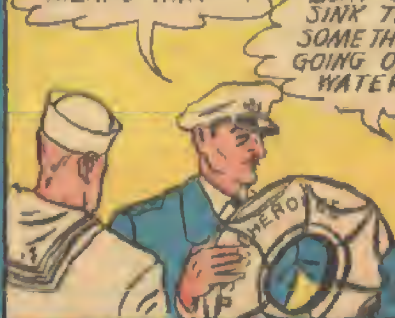
JUST THEN ONE OF THE GUARDSMEN MAKES A STARTLING FIND!



IT'S ONE OF THE CHEROKEE'S LIFE SAVERS!

CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!

THEN THIS MEANS THAT--?



YES, BUT HOW? A SMALL POWER BOAT COULDN'T SINK THEM. THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON IN THESE WATERS.

**SUDDENLY!**

AHOY! FIRE ASHORE!

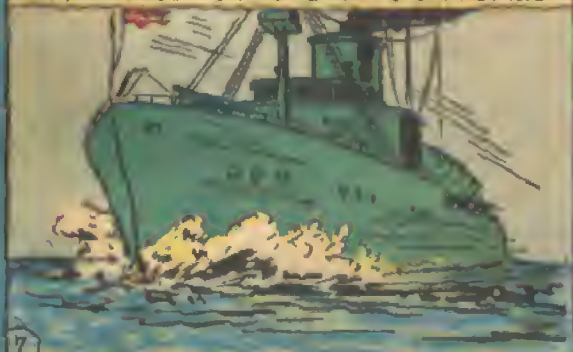


WHAT CAN THAT BE? OH YES, THOSE OLD FISH CANNERIES ARE IN THAT COVE, BUT NO ONE'S BEEN AROUND THERE FOR YEARS.



WE'D BEST INVESTIGATE. HEAD THE SHIP INTO THAT COVE!

"FULL SPEED AHEAD" IS THE ORDER AS THE CUTTER HEADS FOR THE BURNING CANNERIES -



BACK AT THE CANNERIES -

THANKS FELLOWS, YOU PUT THAT OUT JUST IN TIME!



ANOTHER TWO MINUTES AND I'D HAVE BEEN TOASTED!



757 70

WELL, ALICIA, EVEN THO' YOU DID DISOBEY ORDERS WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING US!

IT WAS THE BOYS AND THE SUB THAT SAVED YOU!

BUT IT WAS FUNNY HOW THE "WIND" BLEW THE DOOR SHUT IN FRONT OF THE DIVE BOMBER!




PLEASE, MY MODESTY CAN'T STAND THIS! -- DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD LOOK TO YOUR PRISONERS?

AND HOW! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY TO THAT LEADER!



WELL, MY FRIEND, YOUR PLAN SEEMS TO HAVE COME TO AN END. DOESN'T IT? I HOPE THAT THIS WILL TEACH YOU SO-CALLED FIFTH-COLUMNISTS THAT THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!

JACK! A BOAT'S COMING INTO THE COVE!




IT'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER! INTO THE SUB EVERYBODY. WE'LL LEAVE THESE RATS FOR THE GOVERNMENT!




OUT OF THE COVE PAST THE STARTLED COAST GUARDSMEN SPEEDS THE PHANTOM SUB!

WHAT WAS THAT?

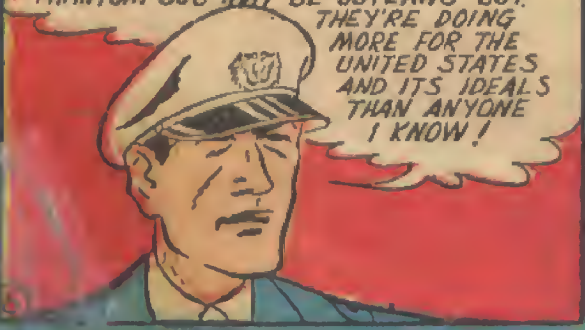


WAS IT THE PHANTOM SUB, SIR?

YES, AND WHAT A PLOT THEY UNCOVERED HERE! THESE MEN WERE THE ONES WHO DESTROYED THE CHEROKEE, AND WITH ALL THESE PLANES THEY WOULD HAVE WRECKED HAVOC ALONG THE COAST!



PUT THOSE MEN IN IRONS! TO THINK THAT THIS WAS GOING ON RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES! THOSE MEN ON THE PHANTOM SUB MAY BE OUTLAWS BUT THEY'RE DOING MORE FOR THE UNITED STATES AND ITS IDEALS THAN ANYONE I KNOW!



ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF

THE PHANTOM SUB

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BLUE BOLT!